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THE THEATRE

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OF DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ART.

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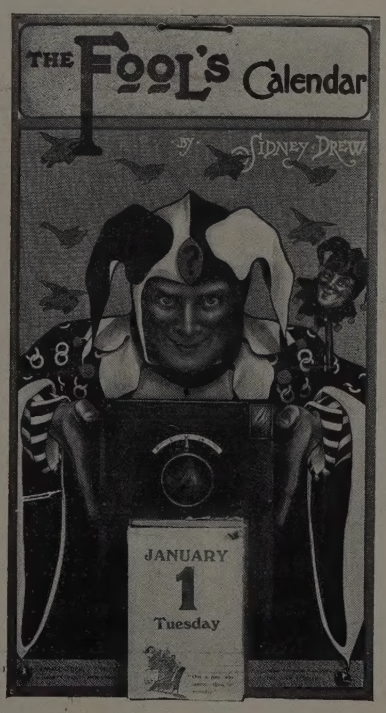

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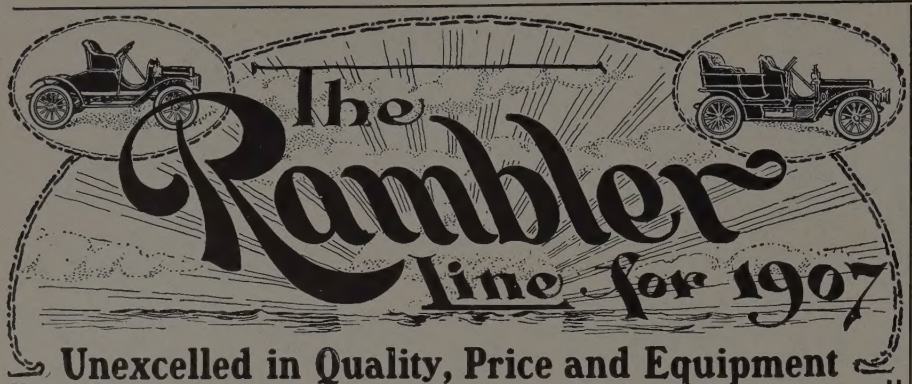

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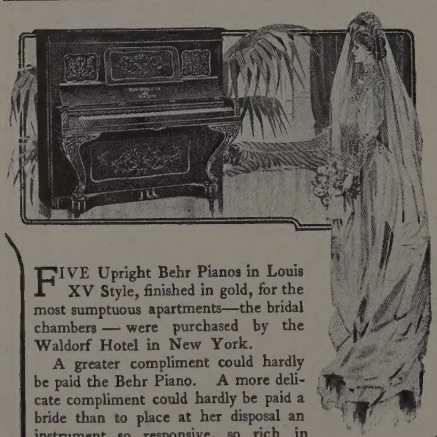

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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PHOTOGRAPHS—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The Publishers invite artistes to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented.

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Death of Ristori

The death of Adelaide Ristori, the veteran actress, on the 9th of October, deprives Italy not only of a great artist, but also of a broad-minded, charitable woman, keenly interested in the affairs of the day.

Born at Civita de Friuli, Italy, January 29, 1822, the child of strolling players, Ristori made her first appearance on the stage at any early age, and displayed such ability that at the age of fourteen she appeared in the leading rôle of "Francesca da Rimini." In a stock company under the especial patronage of the King of Sardinia, she acquired experience and invaluable training from the leading woman, the well-known actress, Charlotte Marchionni, who became deeply interested in the talented girl. Upon the older woman's retirement from the stage in 1842, Ristori succeeded her. Four years later, after violent opposition from his family, she married the Marchese Capranica del Grillo, member of an old, well-known Roman family, and retired from the stage. Three years later this opposition had so bowed to the charm, the true nobility of the actress, that upon her re-appearance at a benefit, which was an overwhelming success, the Italian public clamored for her return to the stage, even her husband's family raised no objections. It was not until this resumption of her career

RISTORI IN HER PRIME

that she established her reputation as a great tragic actress. As Francesca, Medea, Elizabeth, Maria Stuart, and Marie Antoinette, she was acclaimed in all the capitals of Europe. Sovereigns vied with each other in paying her honor, and in Paris her triumph was so instantaneous as to excite the bitter envy of the great Rachel, whose powers were then on the wane.

She visited the United States four times, first in 1866, under the management of Maurice Grau, and in 1884 for the last time, shortly before her permanent retirement. She is the only Italian actress ever to appear in a Shakespearian drama in the original, and her Lady Macbeth won her fresh laurels in London.

A warm personal friend of Lamartine, De Musset, George Sand, Theophile Gautier, Alexander Dumas, and in her own country of such men as the great statesman Cavour, her palace in Rome was filled with interesting souvenirs, not only of her stage triumphs, but of these friendships. Tommaso Salvini was another sincere friend, and after her retirement, one of her rare re-appearances, always either at performances for charity, or as in this case, from motives of friendship, was at a benefit given to commemorate his fiftieth stage anniversary. On the occasion of the first of a series of performances which he gave in Rome four years ago, Ristori occupied a box, and was the recipient of an ovation equal to that accorded the star.

Until within the last few years, when she was somewhat crippled with rheumatism, Ristori was most active; she never missed an important first night, never failed to lend her presence to any worthy charitable entertainment. She had only the kindest words of encouragement, the best wishes for the younger generation of actors and actresses, and many of them are indebted to her for substantial assistance. Anyone less free from small vanities or petty jealousies it would be difficult to find.

Two children survive her, her son, who succeeded to his father's title, and as one of the suite of Queen Margherita was absent in Paris at his mother's death, and an unmarried daughter, her mother's constant and devoted companion, and who accompanied her on her last visit to this country. The son is married, the father of two children to whom Ristori was devoted, and occupies the upper floor of the old palace in Rome.

E. L.

The Savannah Theatre Burned

The destruction by fire of the Savannah Theatre on the night of September 21 removes the second oldest playhouse in the United States. Only one other similar institution in this country can date its beginning so far back into the young nineteenth century. The Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia was built six years before the Savannah Theatre, or in 1812.

The old walls of this venerable structure were silent critics a fourth of a century ago of the faults and virtues of the elder Booth, Macready, Vandenhoff, and three-fourths of a century back looked upon Forrest and the Coopers, and laughed at the comicalities of Finn, Hilson, Hackett and the Placides. It was also within this structure, naught of which now remains save the charred ruins, that Booth exhibited his genius, where Jefferson wooed tears and laughter with his pathos and the insidiousness of his humor.

These criticisms were still concealed beneath the gilt and fresco of the marvelous transformation that took place more than two decades ago. The old playhouse was built in 1818, and while the strong and solid features were retained in the remodeling, the exterior was changed and the building was developed into a handsome structure. These changes were made during the summer of 1883.

The building is reputed to have cost $75,000, and since that time many hundreds of dollars have been expended on it. The remodeling in the summer of 1883 was almost equal to the placing of a new interior and changing the contour of the exterior, so different was the whole appearance when the work had been completed.

At one time in the past the late Joseph Jefferson was manager of the Savannah Theatre. After the house had changed hands a number of times it came into the possession of one Paddleford. That was about half a century ago.

Many weird stories are told about the Savannah Theatre. One is that it could not burn for the reason that a ghost inhabited the house and protected it from fire. And there was some ground for the story, it seemed. On at least three occasions fire started inside the place while no one was supposed to be there and each time the blaze was checked in its incipiency without the interference of any human agency. It was contended that only some supernatural thing could have prevented the fire spreading after it had begun in the way it did. This did not occur once, but several times.

The last time there was a fire in the building,

The original Savannah Theatre as it looked before it was remodeled in the summer of 1883.

prior to its destruction, was the night Mary Mannering played there. That was about four years ago. The blaze was discovered before it had gained any headway and was promptly extinguished, the audience never becoming aware of its existence.

Perhaps no conflagration in the history of Savannah ever held such a fascination in the sense of a mutual loss by a witnessing multitude as did this one. Coming as it did at a period of the year when lovers of the drama and the opera were contemplating with keen delight a booking of attractions which has never been equaled here before in the point of numbers or diversity of themes, the loss is one in which nearly every citizen felt a personal loss.

Theatregoers will not be denied the pleasure of witnessing at least the majority of the shows booked, for the management has secured an old skating rink and is rapidly remodeling it to conform to the requirements of a playhouse, and while, of course, the productions will be given under adverse conditions, it is thought that they will not suffer materially. H. H. H.

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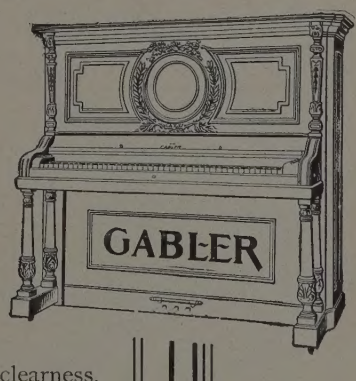

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THE THEATRE

VOL. VI., No. 69 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1906 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN IN "CYMBELINE"

The Current Plays

NEW AMSTERDAM. "Paolo and Francesca." Tragedy in 4 acts, in verse. By Stephen Phillips. Produced Oct. 1 with this cast:

Giovanni Malatesta, H. B. Irving; Paolo, E. Harcourt Williams; Corrado, F. Tyars; Valentino, A. Curtis; Luigi, S. A. Cookson; Marco, T. Reynolds; Pulci, Charles Dodsworth; Carlo, J. Archer; Galeotto, W. J. Yeldham; Pietro, W. Marion; Renzo, Charles A. Doran; Oribono, Frank Randell; Leone, Henry Worrall; Lucrezia Degl' Onesti, Maud Milton; Constanza, May Hargreaves; First Girl, Emmeline Carder; Second Girl, May Hargreaves; Tessa, Nannie Bennett; Myrra, Emma Lovett; Nita, Elaine Inescort; Angela, Ada Mellon; Francesca da Rimini, Dorothea Baird.

An interesting theatrical event of the past month was the first appearance in this country of Henry B. Irving, eldest son of the late Sir Henry Irving, in a repertoire made up of the plays used by his distinguished father—"The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Charles I.," etc. For his American début, Mr. Irving selected the rôle of Giovanni Malatesta in Stephen Phillips' blank verse tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca."

Mr. Irving's physical resemblance to his father is most striking. He is quite as tall and has the same dark, gleaming eyes set back under a high, intellectual brow. He is still too young to have acquired any of the mannerisms for which the elder Irving was notorious, yet in his gestures and voice inflections one is constantly reminded of the dead actor. He is a handsome, distinguished looking man, and physically at least, should make an ideal Hamlet. He appears to have all of the technique of acting at his command, and he is thoroughly at home on the stage, bearing himself with easy grace and authority. His voice is rich and resonant, and his elocution and articulation are exceptionally good, much better than his father's ever were. It seems likely that he will impart distinction to every rôle he plays. He has, no doubt, much ability, but it is still unripe and immature. In the great scenes where his father was wont to electrify his audiences the son misses fire entirely. In other words, the spark of genius is lacking. For this reason it was, perhaps, unwise for this young actor, who has real merit and individuality of his own, to invite comparison with a tragedian who, with all his faults, possessed the divine flame. To sum up, young Mr. Irving is an actor of exceptional promise, but he has much to learn before he can hope to hold a commanding position on the English-speaking stage.

Stephen Phillips' new version of the tragic love of Paolo and Francesca was not a particularly happy vehicle in which to introduce Mr. Irving to the American public. Like all the English poet's dramas, it is a worthy contribution to literature, although not entitled to rank so high, perhaps, as that author's "Ulysses." As a play it is vastly inferior to the blank verse version made by the late George Boker, and which the late Lawrence Barrett made familiar to our public. Mr. Phillips' drama is clumsily constructed and uninteresting and tedious throughout. For example, Malatesta, the deformed husband, works himself up into a fine fury because of Francesca's love for Paolo, yet the audience is not given any ocular demonstration of Francesca's infidelity. In the Boker version the garden scene, where Paolo and Francesca read the book together, ending it with the kiss which seals their passion, takes place at the beginning of the drama, as it should do, whereas in the Phillips play it does not take place until near the end. Mr. Irving committed the artistic blunder also of not making up properly for the character of Malatesta, who should, of course, be a repellant cripple, while his brother Paolo should be a very Apollo. As a matter of fact, Mr. Irving appeared as a strikingly handsome Malatesta, while the Paolo of the occasion was commonplace and uninteresting looking. The play was thus robbed of its motive. It will be interesting to see Mr. Irving in other plays before determining his exact rank on the stage. His wife, Dorothea Baird, who played the rôle of Francesca with girlish sweetness, is a tall, ethereal looking Englishwoman of considerable personal charm. Miss Maud Milton, who played Lucrezia, showed herself to be an actress of fine training and exceptional power. It will be interesting to see Mr. Irving in a modern drawing-room play.

Otto Sarony Co.

VIRGINIA HARNED IN "THE LOVE LETTER"

PRINCESS. "The Great Divide." Play in 3 acts, by William Vaughn Moody. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Stephen Ghent, Henry Miller; Philip Jordan, Charles Wyngate; Winthrop Newbury, Charles Gotthold; Dr. Newbury, William J. Butler; Lon Anderson, Robert Cummings; Dutch, Arnold Wilbur; Pedro, Leon Roberts; Burt Williams, Henry B. Walthall; an Architect, Bertram Harrison; a Contractor, Frederick Moore; Mrs. Jordan, Thomas Whiffen; Polly Jordan, Laura Hope Crews; Ruth Jordan, Miss Margaret Anglin.

The Romans found themselves threatened with a famine of women. The race was in peril of extinction. The population must be assured at all costs, so the young bloods made a raid on the neighboring Sabines and carried off their comeliest girls. The latter did not go willingly, they protested with shrill screams and scratched the faces of their abductors in approved feminine fashion, yet when the fuss and fury were over they began, womanlike, to admire their lords, presenting them with a numerous progeny. And when, in the course of time, the Sabine men gathered in force to come to the rescue of their women, they found the latter very comfortable and quite contented to remain where they were. This historic incident is, in its general lines, the theme of the play by William Vaughn Moody, entitled "The Great Divide," and which originally he had called "The Sabine Woman."

A young woman from Milford Corners, Mass., living temporarily in the wilds of Arizona, is left alone in the cabin by her brother and those who had been her companions. They had represented to her the dangers of her unprotected solitude, but she declares laughingly that she is well able to take care of herself during their absence. She has previously remarked incidentally that if she ever married she would want a husband "in the rough." They are no sooner gone than night falls with startling suddenness, and while she is preparing to retire three prowling desperadoes break in. They are drunk and the sight of the defenceless girl arouses their worst passions. It becomes a question of who shall take possession of her. The cringing girl, in terror of her life, pleads to Stephen Ghent, the least brutal of the three, to save her. He cynically agrees if she will marry him. She consents. Ghent buys off one of the scamps with gold nuggets and shoots the other. Then he claims the promised reward. The girl shrinks, horror-stricken, from fulfilling her promise. She is filled with loathing for this man, this incarnation of the Beast who desires her. But she has promised, and because she considers her word more sacred than her honor, more binding than her love for her mother and family, she follows the Beast into the mountains, after going through a marriage ceremony before a "tipsy magistrate."

In the next act we have a view of a stone or adobe house in which this strange couple live on the mountain top. The illusion of the Arizona canyon is wonderfully impressive, considering the smallness of the stage, and does credit to the scenic artist. Ghent has "struck it rich," is owner of a gold mine, and makes plans for the happiness of the wife whom he has now learned to love spiritually. But she still hates him, feeling she is a mere chattel that he has bought with his gold nuggets, and secretly she sells trinkets in the valley below so that one day she may purchase back her freedom. Her brother, whom she has not seen since the day of the abduction, tracks her to the mountain top. She refuses to say what has happened, except that she is lawfully this man's wife. He learns enough, however, to know she is unhappy, and offers to take her home. Stephen Ghent pleads his love and begs her not to desert him, but she goes back East.

In the last act she is living with her people in Massachusetts, and here comes Ghent to leave a deed to property. In the meanwhile a child has been born. Husband and wife have a final interview, her family not expecting that she will return to him, but she falls in his arms, saying that she cannot help it.

So much for the story, which might have been treated with much more dramatic force, variety and incident. The play is dramatic in a general way, but it is wholly unsympathetic. It may interest some people, but there are others for whom it does not contain a particle of interest, being unnecessary and unpleasant. First, there is the conduct of the girl, which is both illogical and unacceptable. When one is unable to accept the premises of a given dramatic proposition it is almost fatal to the permanent success of any play. Will the average woman in our audiences accept the premise that a girl of refinement and delicate sensibilities would consent to go and live with this man who has outraged her, no matter what she had promised? When a midnight assassin puts a revolver at our head we are ready to promise anything to save our life, but would we be expected to keep that promise exacted under such conditions? The law and common sense say "no." This girl could easily have thrown herself under the protection of the magistrate who married them. She would have been sent back to her family, and the man would have been sent to jail. But in that case there would have been no play, and there must be a play, it seems, no matter what violence is done to the probabilities. There is no reason for her continual lamentations. She could have left her husband, whom she professes to hate, at

HENRY B. IRVING AS MARKHEIM

any stage of the game. The play suffers rather than is helped by the improbable "marriage" episode, which may not have been in the original manuscript at all, but introduced at the eleventh hour to propitiate the American Mrs. Grundy. The girl was probably taken without marriage. This would explain her impulse to commit suicide in the cabin, and also her unwillingness to return and face her family. Dishonored she could not; as Ghent's wife she could. Mr. Moody's original idea, no doubt, was rape. Such a literary artist as he would not have spoiled so fine a theme by the "marriage," a concession that made the woman's conduct obscure.

As to the moral of the play, if it can be said to have a moral, it is not a very elevating one—this subjugation of a woman by brute force, this struggle between the primeval man, actuated only by brute instincts and savage impulses, and the woman whose virtue is weakly guarded by a veneer of artificial civilization. According to her own account Kate Jordan is ready herself to degenerate into savagery, for she yearns for the "man in the rough" whom she has "loved for æons"! Rodin, the great French sculptor, has chiseled this idea in his sensational group—the carrying off a nude woman by a hideous gorilla, and Balzac has treated it in literature in his "Passion in the Desert," where a lioness becomes attached to a wounded traveler. No doubt, the theme is true enough to life in its primitive aspect, but it is one of questionable taste to exploit.

Yet even in its emasculated form, the play seems to be popular, and for the sake of Miss Anglin, Mr. Miller, and the author, we are glad to see it. Mr. Miller has done nothing better than Stephen Ghent. He has played the polished man of the world so long that the public had almost forgotten he could act anything else. He is not quite brutal enough in the first act to give the necessary strength and atmosphere to the scene, but the sympathies —if one can condone the motives on which the whole play hinges —are with him throughout. Miss Anglin has a marked personal success as Kate Jordan. We think this actress inclines too much to the lachrymose style of emotional acting. Her work has not enough light and shade, and becomes at times monotonous, being played only in one key, but she is intelligent, sincere, and her personality always sympathetic and charming.

Sarony

ELEANOR ROBSON AS NURSE MARJORIE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. "MIZPAH." Play in 4 acts by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle. Produced Sept. 24, with this cast:

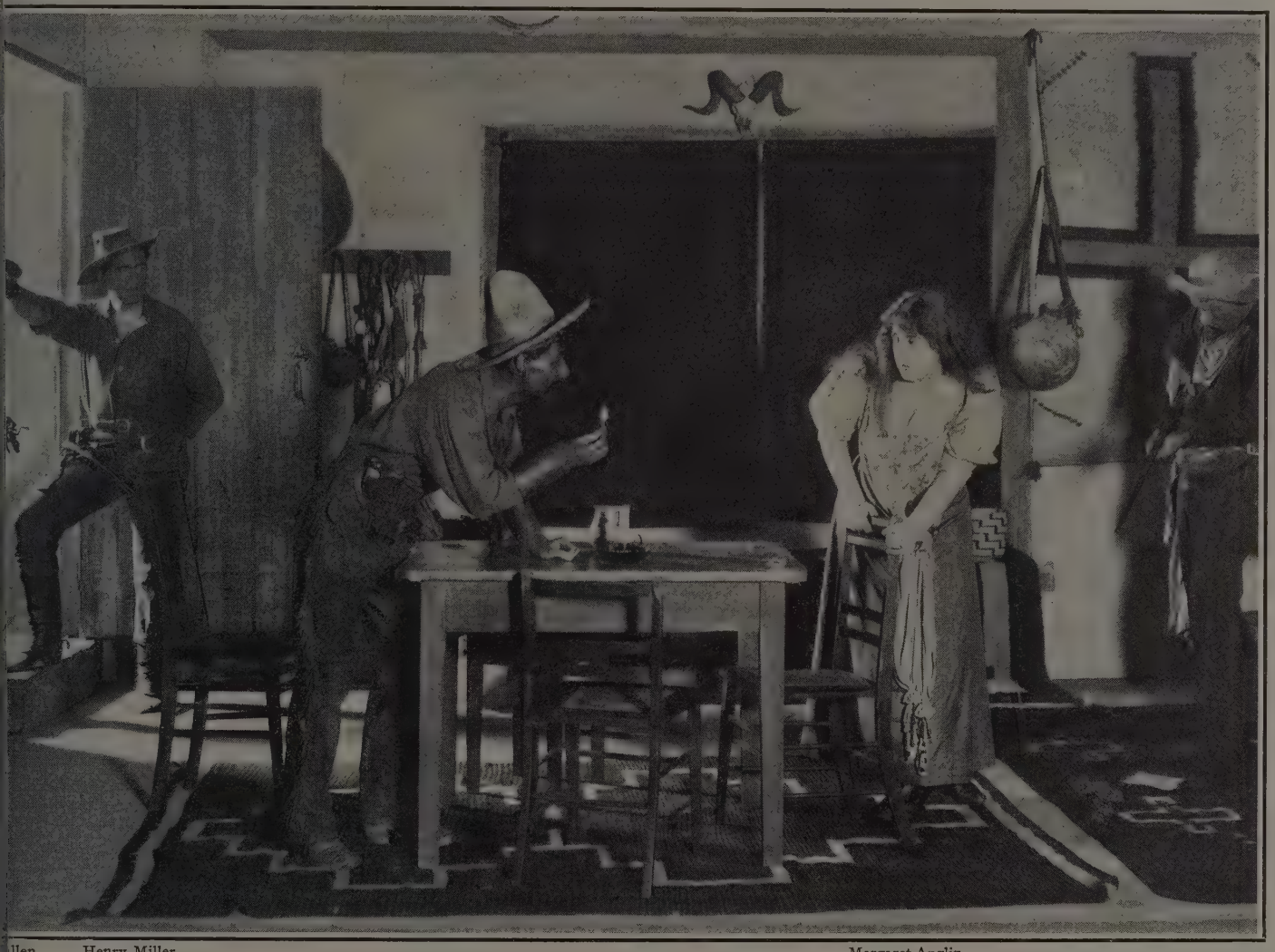
Ahasueras, Charles Dalton; Haman, Frank Losee; Mordecai, Edward J. Mack; Harbona, Harry MacFayden; Mehuman, Thomas J. Quinn; Zethar, Harry R. Brennan; Vashti, Lillian Lamson; Hargartha, Mrs. Louise Rial; Mooshla, Gertrude Wolfe; Dancer, Mlle. Arnoldi; Esther, Elizabeth Kennedy.

The Biblical play has grown into a conventional thing with song and ballet and spectacle. The invasion of theatricalism into the temple disturbs the simplicity of emotion. This does not say that the happenings and conflicts recorded in the Bible are not dramatic. But when a confusion of lost keys is added to authentic history it may be easily seen that the pages of the ancient record may be soiled by melodramatic interlineations. In "Mizpah," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle we have the outlines of a dramatic story, halting and stumbling in action, but something that serves. It is true that declamatory, oily, inflammable and inflammatory blank verse spreads a wide desolation at times like a river afire. The Nile of speech overflows its banks. When love is considered, halt is made to set off a certain amount of literary punk that flames for a while and emits an odor that is pleasing to the nostrils of those who worship Eros. It is the story of Esther, who is loved by Ahasueras and taken to wife in the place of the plotting and unworthy Queen Vashti, who has a guilty intrigue with Haman, the viceroy, who ultimately reached the high-water mark in the altitude of his hanging. The public execution of criminals should not perhaps be made a public entertainment, but it cannot be denied that the audiences of "Mizpah" are denied a certain gratification in not being permitted to witness what is conceded to be the most notable event of its kind in history. Miss Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle succeed in making the audience share in their detestation of this vile and much bewhiskered character. The sentiment in regard to him is much accentuated by the music (No. 20, Chorus of Lamentations; No. 21, Dirge in F Minor; No. 22, Finale). Naturally, the play is a stirring one. Battle had to be given. Mrs. Wilcox furnishes two excellent songs for the emergency: "When from the Field Returning," and "Back to the Fight." This last song, it is needless to say, was fatal to Haman. Elizabeth Kennedy, the Esther, plays the part capably and with earnestness, and will no doubt find favor with the public as did Esther with Ahasueras. While the acting in the play is distinguished by quantity rather than by quality there is no reason why "Mizpah" should not flourish for a season. The subject is not a bad one, certainly better than John the Baptist, now next in order.

BROADWAY. "The Prince of India." Dramatized from the novel by Gen. Lew Wallace by J. I. C. Clarke. Produced Sept. 24 with this cast:

The Prince of India, Emmett Corrigan; The Prince Mahommed, William Farnum; The Emir Mirza, Julius McVicker; Constantine, Boyd Putnam; Gennadius, Harrison Armstrong; The Patriarch of Constantinople, W. H. Leyden; Phranza, Charles Harris; Duke Notaras, C. Norman Hammond; Leander, Haswell Dague; Sergius, Marshall Farnum; Young Greek Nobles; Uel, Averill Harris; Abed Din, Anthony Andre; Malek Khan, George Walker; Hassan, C. Van Dusen Phillips; Kalil Pasha, Sam S. Harris; Kourani, W. H. Leyden; First Chief, George Brooks; Greek Captain, Monroe Salisbury; Wounded Captain, James Birch; Monk, William Breen; The Princess Irene, Adelaide Keim; Lael, Julie Herne; Miriam Zalmonah, Adele Davis.

"The Prince of India" compels respect with its great sweep of idea and circumstance, apart from the commensurate elaborateness of the production. Worthy intent is there, and it is noteworthy to what a small extent mere theatricalism intrudes. "Ben needs simplification and not explanation. No audience is really concerned about what happened in 1453, but it must be interested, at all hazards, in what is happening on the stage here and now. The historical play is the very one that requires to be made human above all things. Undoubtedly that has also been the aim of Mr. Clarke in making the dramatization. The central idea which he has taken should hold the interest throughout. The Prince of India is, in reality, the Wandering Jew. He lives for one hundred years and then a bolt of lightning strips him of all that he is at the moment and starts him again, as a younger man, to begin a weary life over again. At the opening of the play, he is a man



llen Henry Miller Margaret Anglin

Act. I. The bandits about to fight a duel for possession of the girl

SCENE IN WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S PLAY "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

Hur" had its shipwreck scene, its chariot race, and dealt more ffectively with the externals than it did with the spiritual, until he action reached that greatly impressive moment of the approach of Him whose touch restored life. In this drama we have n abundance of the pictorial, views of Constantinople and the olden Horn, a panorama of the Bosphorus, a storm with the aters rushing by lashed by the tempest, the assault on the walls nd their crumbling, the interior of the church of Sancta Sophia than which nothing more impressive and beautiful has ever been een on our stage, the like of which not even Henry Irving ever ttempted), the striking of the Prince of India with a bolt of ghtning as he stands on a crag of barren rock, etc.

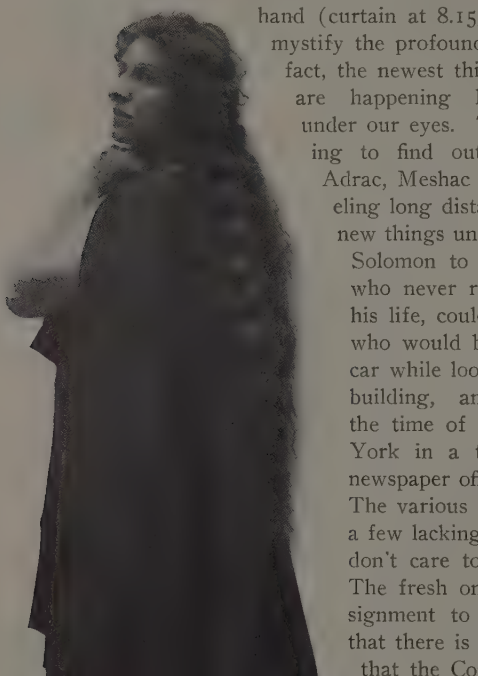
It is impracticable to describe the details of a play so filled ith the characters of various nations and involving, as it does, many civilizations and ideals. It has been thought essential o fill a page of the programme with a "Glance at History," by ay of explanation. There is the trouble. A drama should need o footnotes, no explanations. It should be fully, absolutely self-xplanatory. To be entirely frank, this vast dramatic material in the advanced years of wisdom, fabulously rich. Yearning for human sympathy, he adopts Lael, the daughter of one of his race. History now begins to take a part in events. The Prince of India dreams of universal brotherhood among men, a new religion. He hopes for absolution if he can bring this about. The means to the end, in the matter of dramatic clearness, are at fault here. Constantine, Emperor of the Greeks, and Mahommed are to bring about this unity among men. To make a very long story short, Mahommed falls in love with the Princess Irene, who is betrothed to Constantine. War breaks out between them. He recovers Irene; but what of the Prince of India? The adopted child of his heart is lost in the period of violence. He is bereft of happiness; his scheme of universal redemption has failed; he is struck down by the bolt of lightning and resumes his way, defeated and hopeless. Unquestionably the scenes involved are impressive. Some of them will remain in the mind permanently. One must respect the play, but it must be simplified or much of its power will continue to go to waste. Mr. Emmett Corrigan, as the Prince of India, gives a performance such as is rarely seen. It is

one that establishes an actor's fame. William Farnum, as the impulsive Mahommed, is also perfectly fitted in art and spirit for his work. The acting otherwise is competent.

GARDEN. "The Stolen Story." Play by Jessie Lynch Williams Produced Oct. 2 with this cast:

Jerry McCarter, Joseph M. Sparks; Jake Shayne, Stephen Wright; Mr. Munger, Patrick C. Foy; Sam Nordheimer, John R. Armstrong; Mr. Murphy, Charles Nevil; Butler, Fred. Morgan; Frances Cunningham, Dorothy Tennant; Mrs. Metcalfe, Genevieve Reynolds; Mr. Gilbert Townsend, Wright Kramer; Chauffeur, Edward Martin; General Cunningham, R. Peyton Carter; Mr. Woods, Jameson Lee Finney; Harry Lascelles, Harry Stone; Miss Daros, Beverly Sitgreaves; Mr. Munson, George Brown; Mr. Stone, Edwin Holt; Mr. Haskell, Tully Marshall; Tommy, Augustin Daly Wilks; Mr. Henderson, John Doyle; Mr. Manning, James Seeley; Mrs. McCarter, Jennie Lamont.

This piece is something more than an exhibition of masterful stage management, but its chief merit consists therein. The scene of two of the acts is in a Park Row newspaper office. Apart from the impossibility of some of the plot, the action that takes place there, the details, incidents, characters, and episodes are true to life, new to the stage and diverting. The success of the scene confirms the present wholesome tendency toward new material in the drama. Novelty is the constant cry of the managers, and so strong is the demand for it that nothing is too silly or monstrous to be harbored by the muck-rakers. They will take spiritual as well as physical "novelties." This season, for example, is going to be full of Wild Ducks; Ladies from the Sea are going to beckon us to the deeps, while mythical creatures from the far North, made of mist, instead of the usual sawdust, will be at hand (curtain at 8.15, carriages at 12.10) to mystify the profound thinkers. In point of fact, the newest things are the things that are happening here and now right under our eyes. There isn't any use trying to find out anything new about Adrac, Meshac and Abednego, or traveling long distances for it. There *are* new things under the sun all the time, Solomon to the contrary—Solomon who never received a cablegram in his life, couldn't use the typewriter, who would be run over by a street car while looking up at the Flatiron building, and who would have the time of his life in seeing New York in a touring car. Yes, the newspaper office is new to the stage. The various types of reporter (with a few lacking that we have seen and don't care to see again) are there. The fresh one reports from his assignment to the Peace Conference that there is nothing to write about, that the Conference broke up in a row, to be glanced over by the city editor with the brief comment: "You've missed your calling. Give it a column." The flip office boy is there, and the others, *alles lebendig*. The woman reporter is the one failure in depiction, but it may be just as well that Mr. Williams, the author, was shy of her. Mr. Williams is obviously untrained in his art, but, as with all authors, his first play is a good schooling. It is usually expensive to all concerned, but in this case the tuition money is not wholly lost. A reporter is looking up some political deal. The bill in the legislature has been tampered with. A comma has been stolen out of it. Comma, comma, who stole the comma? Nobody ever sees the comma. It is a troublesome microbe that the audience can make nothing of. If that comma does not turn up or is not traced to its hiding place the father of the girl, the honorable citizen, will be lost along with the comma. Reporter is in love with the girl, she with him. In the corridor of the Metropolitan Opera House reporter steals the document, without its appendix, from the girl. This is a chance for the stage manager. Reporter escapes in a hubbub and a hansom. The stage manager does not care whether you understand it or not if he can interpolate noise and struggling masses. He revels in confusion, anything that is animated. You should see him at rehearsal: "You infernal fool over there, you in the back line, get a move on you; when Mr. Blank says so and so, you howl and throw up your hat. Now all over again." That the reporter, after having stolen the story, and after having been discharged from this particular office the day before, should forget the little circumstance and go back to the same office in a trance and write out the story is, of course, utterly impossible. The importance of the story is such that the city editor uses every possible means to keep anyone from speaking to the reporter and waking him up from his trance. It makes a good scene. Trust the stage manager for that. He has everybody and everything where he wants them and it. Thus the paper gets the beat and everything comes out all right, exactly why and how we do not know, but do we not see the girl in his arms? The stage manager saves the day. Mr. George Marion is a wonderfully clever stage manager and no doubt about it. The cast is a good one.



Hall

ELIZABETH KENNEDY
As Esther in "Mizpah"

THOS. W. ROSS IN GEO. M. COHAN'S PLAY "POPULARITY"

Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

NAT GOODWIN AND EDNA GOODRICH IN "THE GENIUS" AT THE BIJOU

BIJOU. "THE GENIUS." Farce comedy in 3 acts by William C. and Cecil de Mille. Produced Oct. 1 with this cast:

Jack Spencer, Mr. Goodwin; Otto Vogelsberger, Neil O'Brien; Victor le Mercier, Robert Paton Gibbs; Brian McGonigal, Gordon Johnstone; Percival Clutterbuck, H. G. Lonsdale; Cyril Farquhar, Carey Livingston; Josephine Van Dusen, Louise Randolph; Cyrus Jenkins, M. B. Snyder; Mrs. Van Dusen, Rose Snyder; Lilly Scott, Leslie Bingham; Miss Trevor, Evelyn Walls; Mrs. Van Browne Smith, Mabel Reed; Nell Graham, Edna Goodrich.

Nat Goodwin has a genuine spontaneity of humor that is irresistible. It is such a rare quality on the stage that the public always singles out its possessor, regrets the loss of a season in which he is not fitted with a play as a real loss, and welcomes him in one that restores him to us. "The Genius" is too slight a play to be considered seriously apart from him, but the moments in it in which he entertains us in his own way are clear gain. That he interjects much that is his own is plain. The impossibility of the play makes it trivial, but it provides passages of mirth. A young man with plenty of money, his only distinction, falls in with three impoverished artists, a painter, a sculptor, and a musician, and strikes a bargain with them that he will make them rich if they will consent to let him make himself famous by signing all their work. He does become famous and the money does pour in. He incidentally falls in love with the model, the daughter of the musician. The artists coach him in the jargon of art and he poses throughout as a genius, meeting the adulation of society, signing autographs, suffering the giggling worship of a school girl, and finally extricating himself from the claim of the rich girl so that he may marry the model who has shared with him the shame and the glory of his charlatanry. Of course this is perfectly harmless fun. Humor and sentiment, contrary to what may sometimes be believed, are often allied, and Mr. Goodwin's sentiment is just as true as his comedy. The action is simply a working up of a certain number of possible complications. An end had to come to the deception, and the closing scenes in which he has to convince his admirers that he is a fraud are well managed. Much of it is satire, but satire that laughs. Some of the humor is old, such as, "Do you sing?" "I did once, and moved the next morning," but it answers the need of the moment. Again, much of it is familiar nonsense, as when he gives his old sweetheart, the rich girl, over to the arms of her proper suitor: "Take her. God bless you. Twenty-three." But there is an abundance of better coinage. While we do not commend the play and what is done in it as of value, it can with perfect truth be said that no other actor on our salary list could make this nonsense go. Mr. Goodwin is a master of the art of acting, too, self-conscious only to the extent of personally knowing when a thing is funny.

Baker Art Gallery

EDNA GOODRICH

Now appearing with Nat Goodwin in "The Genius"

LIBERTY. "NURSE MARJORIE." Comedy in 4 acts, by Israel Zangwill. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

John Danbury, M. P., H. B. Warner; Andrew Danbury, Reuben Fax; Captain Danbury, Ernest Mainwaring; The Duke of Donegal, A. G. Andrews; Peter O'Mulligan, Leslie Kenyon; Dr. Latchett, W. A. Hackett; Nicodemus, Hassard Short; The Duchess of Donegal, Essex Dane; Camilla Danbury, Kate Denin Wilson; Biddy O'Mulligan, Ada Dwyer; Nurse Marjorie, Miss Robson.

The new play by Zangwill for Eleanor Robson displays again that author's qualities of delicate sentiment conveyed with a touch of peculiar lightness. The play in itself, without Miss Robson, would not be secure in its footing, but Miss Robson has an unstudied grace, art, to some extent, but certainly undeniable and unchanging personal charm, that makes the play glow when she is on the stage. It is, at all events, an unaffected, unforced art that is a distinct relief from what we commonly know as act-

(*Continued on page xi.*)

GERALDINE FARRAR
The American soprano, a favorite of the Berlin opera public, and who will make her début at the Metropolitan Opera House

The Music Season Opens

AFTER all, the opera's the thing with the music-loving masses; and the coming season of music is to witness the greatest operatic battle of modern times. Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein are to cross operatic swords; and the great vocal battle will be fought out in the opera arenas of the Metropolitan Opera House and of the Manhattan Opera House. For years the Metropolitan Opera House has had a monopoly of serious opera in New York, but the coming winter will see the birth of a rival opera house peopled with rival singers. The peaceful spirit of monopoly threatens to disappear, and in its place the unquiet spirit of rivalry will reign. The vast public will at first stand aloof—and listen; yet, if Mr. Hammerstein is as good as his word, and if his artists are as great as their reputations, the vast army of opera-goers will sooner or later divide themselves into two camps; and then will follow bloodless but verbose battles of arguments circling about the subjects of vocal supremacy. This competition will be a good thing for the public and for opera, but it is apt to prove an expensive experiment to educate the public. It usually is.

The Hammerstein season promises to be twenty weeks long—three weeks longer than the season of opera at the Metropolitan. Originally Mr. Hammerstein had planned to begin his season on November 19, a week before the opening of the Metropolitan, but now the date of opening has been postponed until December 3—partly because the earlier date clashed with the Horse Show (which event is very unmusical but highly fashionable) and partly because Mr. Hammerstein met with an accident that has caused him worry and pain. He declares, however, that the fortnight's postponement will not curtail the length of his season, but that it will continue twenty weeks from the later date.

The Metropolitan season, then, will be the first to begin. It promises to be one of more than ordinary interest, for, in the first place, Mr. Conried has chosen for his great novelty Richard Strauss' "Salome," a work that has set all musical Germany by the ears. There are some individuals who have been abroad and have seen this work, who rave in ecstatic eulogy over the mastery of this score and the effectiveness of it; and there are others—there always are—who shudder and declare that "Salome" outrages the aural and the moral sensibilities of the listeners. There are figures and facts to prove, notwithstanding, that "Salome" is the greatest operatic success of recent years. New York will hear for itself—and it will either shout or shudder for itself: for we have different standards in this country, whereas there should be only one. At all events "Salome" will probably prove a huge sensational success, even if it turns out to be only a *succès de scandal.* So it is a wise move for Mr. Conried to have made. The other important novelty will be Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," of which work Henry Savage is to present an English version earlier in the season. Puccini is to come to this country to witness the Metropolitan production, and while he is in this country there will be given a Puccini cycle, consisting of "Manon Lescaut," "La Bohême," "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly." Giordani's "Andrea Chenier," Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and a stage version of Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" also figure prominently as attractions in the Metropolitan; and the list is swelled by the following revivals: Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," and Bellini's "I Puritani." All these are in addition to the regular repertory; and it looks as though the music critic would have to profit principally by his summer sleep.

The list of new artists engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House is long, and it would appear as though Mr. Conried had worked to strengthen the weak spots of his last year's company.

Reutlinger, Paris
LINA CAVALIERI
Noted beauty and opera singer who will make her début at the Metropolitan Opera House

Guigoni & Bossi, Milan
GIANINA RUSS
One of Mr. Hammerstein's sopranos

Wettern, Hamburg
FLEISCHER-EDEL
Wagnerian soprano who will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House

Ternina, incomparable artist, is to return to us after an absence of several seasons, and the familiar voices and faces of Caruso, Sembrich, Eames, Plançon, Scotti and Van Rooy—to mention the important ones—are once more to be framed by the Metropolitan proscenium. Of the newcomers the principal one is Geraldine Farrar, an American with a foreign reputation. She is said to have voice and beauty. Another new artist, Lina Cavalieri, is reputed to have beauty. Then there is Fleischer-Edel, a German Wagner singer. Knote, the high-voiced Wagnerian tenor, will not return this season but will come next year. His place is to be taken this year by Burrian; and there is even and also a French tenor in the company this year, one Rousselière. Also is there a French conductor, Bovy. A new Italian barytone, Stracciari, about completes the list of newcomers of importance. There will be some new scenery and costumes; and the subscription is larger than ever before at this opera house.

LEONCAVALLO
Distinguished Italian composer who has appeared in New York at the head of La Scala, Milan, Orchestra

Mr. Hammerstein's vocal forces are headed by Bonci—who is believed to be the rival of Caruso—Melba, Edouard de Reszke, Rénaud, Ancona, Pauline Donalda, Gianina Russ, Regina Pinkert, De Cisneros, and Gilibert. Campanini and Campanari are the conductors, and the list of works to be produced will be limited to Italian and French, with the exception of "Lohengrin," and even that will be sung in French. It is announced that the season's repertory will be made up of Auber's "Fra Diavolo" and "Massanielle"; Bellini's "Norma," "I Puritani" and "La Sonnambula"; Bizet's "Carmen"; Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Favorita" and "Lucia di Lammermoor; Flotow's "Marta"; Gounod's "Faust" and "Romeo et Juliette"; Halévy's "La Juive"; Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci"; Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète"; Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze de Figaro"; Puccini's "La Bohême"; Rossini's "Il Barbière di Siviglia"; Thomas' "Mignon"; and Verdi's "Aïda," "Ernani," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto" and "Un Ballo in Maschera." This list promises a feast for those who love old-fashioned Italian music, and it looks as though of this feast there will be abundance. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House is nearing completion, and the vocal battle will soon be on. It is to be hoped that the vocal cords of the artists and the purses of the impresarii will stand the strain.

SAINT-SAENS
Dean of French composers who will appear as conductor and pianist

PADEREWSKI
The famous Polish pianist who will appear this season as soloist and composer

Of concerts there is to be an endless wealth. Seldom, if ever before have there been so many prominent composers assembled here as visiting and concertizing guests. Leoncavallo, Saint-Saëns and Puccini are weighty names these days; and by the rarest chance did we escape having Richard Strauss on these shores again—he had planned to conduct his "Salome." The most interesting feature of the coming concert season will be the appearance of Dr. Carl Muck, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Wassily Safonoff will lead the Philharmonic, and Saint-Saëns will conduct the New York Symphony Orchestra for a single occasion. Of soloists legion are coming. Paderewski will look in upon us for a brief but lucrative space; Rosenthal will travel from one end of this country to the other and will prove his mighty powers as a pianist; César Thomson will play the violin here after an absence of years; Lhévinne and Olga Samaroff will travel across the land and up and down the keyboard. Schumann-Heink will sing in recital for a few months and then join the Metropolitan forces; Gadski will sing in concert and recital, as will Campanari and a mighty host of others. It will be a musical winter, if quantity makes music, and an interesting one if new faces and new voices multiply interest. New York has girded up her musical loins.

Dr. CARL MUCK
Famous German conductor who comes as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

PUCCIN
Distinguished Italian composer who comes to New York to superintend the Puccini cyc

Copyright, Marceau
Mme. Schumann-Heink
Eminent contralto who will make a concert tour and afterwards join the Metropolitan Opera forces

Otto Sarony Co.
LHEVINNE
Eminent Russian pianist who makes a concert tour this season

CESAR THOMSON
Eminent Belgian violinist who re-appears in New York after several seasons

The music season has begun with a bang. This is not a term usually applica-

ble to the beginnings of the music season, but the present one is an exception, and its start was artistically unhappy. Some dreaming, serious humorist fancied that in the person of one Leoncavallo there were artistic and financial possibilities; so Leoncavallo was persuaded or tempted to come to these shores with a strange company of singers, and an orchestra that was called "La Scala" Orchestra. Now, Leoncavallo is a one-opera composer, for neither before nor after "Pagliacci" has he fed an operatic success to panting ears. Consequently the public's interest in Leoncavallo is limited to his "Pagliacci"; and since this opera is given rather frequently in New York there seems less excuse than ever for bringing Leoncavallo to this country. Yet he was brought. He came, he saw, and we heard.

The orchestra that played under his baton was remarkably unbalanced and crude, and if it originally had redeeming features these were left in Italy. Thus hampered Leoncavallo shone to far less advantage than even he would have otherwise. But the fault was not all with the orchestra. As a conductor Leoncavallo appeared unconventional and highly unmagnetic. Things went to pieces under his baton, and some of his accompaniments were crude. His programmes were built of excerpts from "Pagliacci," which, incidentally, have been heard to infinitely better advantage at the Metropolitan Opera House—"Zaza," "Medici," "La Bohême" and "Rolando di Berlino." The last work was ordered by the German Emperor who, flaunting the virtues of the modern German composers in their faces, turned to Italy and ordered a musical setting to glorify a text which glorified his house. Possibly the German Emperor was satisfied with his bargain, but if he was, he was probably a lonesome being, for the work enjoyed a monumental failure at Berlin, and the actual result of the entire experiment was a crop of cartoons and cutting comments. Some of this music was played at the Carnegie Hall audiences recently, when the composer, Leoncavallo, conducted. It sounded pretty dismal stuff; and most of the excerpts from Leoncavallo's other operas were uninteresting in their concert form. The music is far too much alike. There is the constant fireworks of climaxes, the exploding of one emotional moment directly after the other, the wailing and the sobbing of overladen souls and the emptying of tear ducts. And the continuation of this process only serves to increase the boredom of the music. Nothing is quite so tiresome as unrelieved emotion. This appears to be Leoncavallo's formula, and the boredom was not far off at his concerts in Carnegie Hall. Of course there was some shrieking by some of the composer's countrymen, who loosed their excess of native spirits in shouting and applauding for more. So encore followed encore until the original programme was bloated into an encore monster. Two other works performed must be mentioned. They deserve it. The first was a march called "Viva l'America," which was respectfully dedicated to President Roosevelt, and the second was an "Ave

(*Continued on page x.*)

HALF A DOZEN SHIRLEY ROSSMORES

Six different types of women who have been seen or who are now appearing in the rôle of Shirley Rossmore, the heroine of "The Lion and the Mouse." In numerical order they are: 1, Grace Elliston; 2, Gertrude Coghlan; 3, Flora Bowley; 4, Margaret Illington; 5, Helene Wintner; 6, Josephine Lovett

"Peer Gynt" and Other Ibsen Plays

THREE of the Ibsen plays not familiar to the theatregoing public are promised for production this season—"The Lady from the Sea," by Grace George; "The Wild Duck," by Wright Lorimer, and "Peer Gynt," by Richard Mansfield. This is a notable persistence of the influence of a dramatist, whose art and power are disputed by no one, but whose acceptance by way of general entertainment and edification is not yet, it seems, fully decided.

For the present, we may pass over the two first named plays with a few words. They are both characterized by the social conditions of vice that Ibsen lashed in his own country. They are free from conventionalism, and the characters stand out with a perfection of detail and a breath of life about them rarely accomplished by any other playwright. Both have a symbolism that may disturb their clarity with American audiences. The wild duck, when wounded, dives to the bottom of the water, is often entangled there and dies. It represents the wounded reputation or soul. The symbol is well carried through in being made a part of the action and is not obscure. It is domesticated and housed in dramatic confines. The child in it, Hedwig—it matters not what ambitious actor undertakes the play—will walk off with the honors.

But the most interesting of these events will be Mr. Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt." This piece is free from the domestic cataclysms of the usual Ibsen kind. Here we have the dramatist with a lighter literary touch and a keener satire, sportive, philosophical no doubt, but not morbid. An interesting and most difficult problem for Mr. Mansfield will be how to bring into subjection thirty-six different sets of scenes in five acts and in various parts of the world, including some of the most fantastic representations, in the air, by sea and by land; in the desert and on hillsides; some of them shifting in a twinkling of an eye. Of course, no attempt can be made to give the dramatic poem in its entirety. A description of certain scenes in the play would be comparatively more difficult than the representation, for details that could be seen at a glance would require space and time for description. Some idea of the story may perhaps be conveyed if care is taken to reduce it to prosaic terms.

WRIGHT LORIMER AS HJALMAR EKDAL IN "THE WILD DUCK"

Peer is the son of a widow of a vainglorious man, who spent all his substance in entertainment and left her in poverty. Peer is much of a vagabond; he dreams and hunts, but will not work. He recounts stories of personal adventure that nobody will believe. His mother reproaches him; he lifts her astride of the ridge of the hut and leaves her there, as he goes off to the wedding of a girl who had once favored him. He carries her away from the bridegroom and abandons her, rejecting her claim that he do right by her. He falls in with a green-clad woman, of the Troll folk, daughter of the Dovree King, and passes through some experiences at the court of the King in a hut. He consents to much, even to wear a tail, if he is allowed to have a ribbon on it. However, he escapes from the imps, the palace collapses and all is darkness. Possibly this will be one of the scenes selected. It is diverting and grotesque. He leaves the Green-Clad One with child. This imp afterwards reviles him. At the wedding he had met a spiritual child of a girl whom, later, he would have married, but he takes flight from her, at his own hut, because he feels defiled when his own offspring, the imp, the troll, spits at him.

We omit the Boyg, the Saeter girls, the Voice and a miscellaneous assortment of grim things.

With the fourth act we get into an entirely different atmosphere, modern. Here we have a delicious satire that the entire world can understand. Peer has gained wealth as a slave trader in America, at Charleston, and by selling opium and idols to China. He dreams of conquering the world with his money, to be an emperor. His three companions, of different nationalities, are ready for anything. Their plans concern a war between Turkey and Greece. Peer retires, and during his absence they determine to seize his yacht and depart. They do so, and Peer is penniless. He has the satisfaction of seeing the yacht blown up by an explosion as he follows it afoot on the coast. He finds a caparisoned horse, stolen from the Sultan, and with it jewels that furnish him forth once more. Then there is the episode in which the dancing girl bids him a laughing adieu as she gallops off with his gifts, leaving him stranded in the desert. There had been an experience that Peer probably never forgot, in which he perched himself in a tree and was pelted by mon-

Hall Geo. Carroll Elsa Ryan Madge Crichton
SCENE IN "MY LADY'S MAID" AT THE CASINO

keys. This will probably be omitted in representation. A scene in a madhouse is also exceedingly droll as well as a conversation Peer had with the Sphinx. He returns to the Northland, but not before he had been shipwrecked and had to disable a wretch who was clinging to certain wreckage with him, so that the other fellow might be drowned and Peer saved. His chief new trouble began after landing when he met the Button-Moulder. He proposes to melt him up, to put him in his ladle where all worthless folk go. He is not successful in making a bargain with the devil, but is finally saved by the maid who had waited for him in the hut.

We do not pretend that this gives the slightest idea of the richness, variety, philosophy or characters of the play, fantastic or real. It is merely a prosaic preface to what may hereafter be necessary to say about the play. Nor is what we have said in the spirit of levity. The meaning of the play can be obscured by learned criticism, but it would not be a great dramatic poem if it were not susceptible, at least, of a simple interpretation, as simple as that of a parable. The impression that such a play as may be devised from it by Mr. Mansfield will leave upon an audience should be as direct as that of Rip Van Winkle. If he can successfully bring it into reasonable limits we may look forward to something worth the while.

Of course, the production of "Peer Gynt" is going to be the harvest time of learned fools with long dissertations. They are going to tell us what it means in Norway. It remains for Mr. Mansfield to give it a meaning here. No drama is worth the while that requires critics to interpret it. It must interpret itself. The following passage will give some idea of the keen satire of the play in those scenes remote from the merely fantastic.

PEER.

(after a short silence, leaning on a chair and assuming a dignified mien.)

Come, gentlemen, I think it best
we part before the last remains
of friendship melt away like smoke.
Who nothing owns will lightly risk it.
When in the world one scarce commands
the strip of earth one's shadow covers,
one's born to serve as food for powder.
But when a man stands safely landed,
as I do, then his stake is greater.
Go you to Hellas. I will put you
ashore, and arm you gratis, too.
The more you eke the flames of strife,
the better will it serve my purpose.
Strike home for freedom and for right!
Fight! storm! make hell hot for the Turks;—
and gloriously end your days
upon the Janissaries' lances.—
But I—excuse me——
(Slaps his pocket) I have cash,
and am myself, Sir Peter Gynt.

(Puts up his sunshade, and goes into the grove, where the hammocks are partly visible.)

TRUMPETERSTRALE.

The swinish cur!

MONSIEUR BALLON.

No taste for glory——!

MR. COTTON.

Oh, glory's neither here nor there;
but think of the enormous profits
we'd reap if Greece should free herself.

MONSIEUR BALLON.

I saw myself a conqueror,
by lovely Grecian maids encircled.

TRUMPETERSTRALE.

Grasped in my Swedish hands, I saw
the great, heroic spur-strap-buckles!

VON EBERKOPF.

I my gigantic Fatherland's
culture saw spread o'er earth and see——!

MR. COTTON.

The worst's the loss in solid cash.
God dam! I scarce can keep from weeping!
I saw me owner of Olympus.
If to its fame the mountain answers,
there must be veins of copper in it,
that could be opened up again.
And furthermore, that stream Castalia,
which people talk so much about,
with fall on fall, at lowest reckoning,
must mean a thousand horse-power good——!

TRUMPETERSTRALE.

Still I will go! My Swedish sword
is worth far more than Yankee gold!

MR. COTTON.

Perhaps; but, jammed into the ranks,
amid the press we'd all be drowned;
and then where would the profit be?

MONSIEUR BALLON.

Accurst! So near to fortune's summit,
and now stopped short beside its grave!

MR. COTTON.

(Shakes his fist towards the yacht.)

That long, black chest holds coffered up
the nabob's golden nigger-sweat——!

VON EBERKOPF.

A royal notion! Quick! Away!
It's all up with his empire now!
Hurrah!

MONSIEUR BALLON.

What would you?

VON EBERKOPF.

Seize the power!
The crew can easily be bought.
On board then! I annex the yacht!

MR. COTTON.

You—what——?

VON EBERKOPF.

I grab the whole concern.

(Goes down to the jolly-boat.)

MR. COTTON.

Why then self-interest commands me
to grab my share.

(Goes after him.)

Scenes in "The Red Mill" at the Knickerbocker

Fred A. Stone Aline Crater David Montgomery Ethel Johnson
ACT. I. INTERPRETER AND WAITER FLIRTING WITH THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTERS

Fred A. Stone David Montgomery
ACT II. "CON" KIDDER AND "KID" CONNER IMPERSONATING SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON

White Frank Worthing Grace George Robert T. Haines

PRINCIPAL SCENE IN "CLOTHES," COMEDY BY AVERY HOPWOOD AND CHANNING POLLOCK

Frank Worthing as the amorous, bibulous guardian, makes bold love to his ward. She repels his advances and he takes a sensational header down the flight of stairs, the last step of which is carefully padded. It is said that Mr. Worthing prepared this scene with such strenuous realism that he broke two ribs during the rehearsals

To sum the matter up, it is plain that the Ibsen cult is largely an affectation. Even if the promoters of the public performance of certain plays by the great Norwegian understand the author, it is a hopeless attempt to make any large number of practical-minded Americans get at the bottom of such recondite things. As impossible as it is for many of us of sound judgment and disposing minds, capable of making wills that will pass the courts, to expound him, it is equally impossible for us to explain why we cannot understand him, or for these promoters to make it clear to us why we are so obtuse. It is a state of affairs that will not be helped out by the production of the plays. The intent and sense is no doubt there, but it is writ in Greek or some equally incomprehensible language. It is Norwegian and will stay Norwegian. The symbols are as baffling as anything dug up from the ruins of some past age. It is pure pedantry to pretend to know what it all means. It may be that a sufficient part of it may be clear enough to afford a certain amount of interest. "I believe you are great; I know you are ugly," was the reflection of some heathen concerning one of his gods, an idol of uncommon and uncompromising fierceness. We believe Ibsen to be great; we are willing to concede it; but he is likewise inscrutable in certain plays. Plays written in the sign language contravene the spirit of the drama. Not the least trace of it can be found in the English drama, and it will be long before any of it will be injected. Shakespeare knew nothing of it. When the English mind expresses itself in that fashion the result is as clear as a mountain stream. A book like Pilgrim's Progress is taken to the heart of the common people, and a play like "Everyman" is understood by all. As literature the particular Ibsen plays that are going to make American audiences ponder in vain are perhaps proper subjects for study, but that they will be wholly and freely and understandingly accepted in stage performance is out of the question. Their merits as recondite things will remain food for scholars. They will not live permanently in the acted drama.

Some Players I Have Known

By HENRY P. GODDARD

IN the memory of every theatregoer who loves the drama there are certain vivid, unforgettable memories of some dramatic presentations that he has witnessed. The first of such impressions recalled by the present writer was made by the play "Jane Shore" as performed in a Boston theatre somewhere about the middle of the last century, when, not yet in his teens, he was so harrowed by the woes of the barefooted lady in a white gown carrying a long candle as she walked the streets by command of a villain, that he wept copiously and moreover was so shocked by the applause bestowed upon that wicked and humpbacked Duke of Gloster by the unfeeling Boston audience that he insisted upon being taken from the theatre by his father, to his great disgust and the greater annoyance of the gentleman who had invited us. Who were in the cast I know not, but to me they were realistic to a fault.

E. L. DAVENPORT

Since that youthful episode it has fallen to my lot to see and hear all of our great tragedians from Forrest down to Robert Mantell and to add to "the pictures that hang on memory's wall" many others that are delightful in retrospection.

Dearest of all, I think, is the memory of a certain summer night in the early seventies, when, dropping into Niblo's Gardens in New York, I saw "Julius Cæsar" (greatest of all historical plays) played by an unsurpassable cast as I then thought, and still think, reinforced by the opinion since expressed to me by the actors of the two leading rôles. Edward L. Davenport was Brutus, Lawrence Barrett Cassius, and the ill-fated Walter Montgomery Mark Antony. There was virility, dignity and reserve force in the Brutus of Davenport that contrasted splendidly with the fierce rashness and intellectual fire of Barrett, whose eyes fairly burned as Cassius, although in later years he toned down the presentation, while Walter Montgomery, of superb physique, was an Antony so manly and fascinating as to explain his career both at Rome and in Egypt. Within a year after this production Montgomery shot himself in England a few days after his marriage to Winetta Montagu, one of the most beautiful young American actresses of her day, an event the cause of which remains an unsolved mystery.

It was not till 1877 that I met Mr. Davenport personally at Hartford, Conn., where he was playing in "Daniel Druce," a charming play in which he made the last success of his life, but which was a failure when others essayed it after his death. In a delightful interview he talked much to me of his stage career and said that while Othello had ever been his favorite Shakespearian rôle, he delighted to play in "Julius Cæsar," and in what proved the last revival of the play during his life, when he played Brutus with Barrett as Cassius and Frank Bangs as Antony, he played his rôle 222 consecutive times, and added that it was his custom to leave open his dressing room door when not upon the stage that he might hear the noble lines, adding, "Of that play I could never tire."

One quality in Davenport's acting that always attracted my attention was his chivalric manner toward women. This was particularly noticeable in "Hamlet" in the closet scene with his mother, to whom he paid loyal and filial deference even when most reproachful, and in "Julius Cæsar," not only in the great scene with Portia, but in his manner to Calpurnia, with whom he always conversed with deference in the scene when she first appears upon the stage with Cæsar. Touching to a degree was one of his last appearances in New York when he appeared in "As You Like It" as Jacques to the Rosalind of his daughter Fanny, who at the fall of the curtain led him to the front amidst thunders of applause.

Some years after the death of Mr. Davenport I called upon his widow, a lady then of sixty odd years and herself an actress of no mean ability, at a Baltimore hotel, where we talked of my old friend at some length. Mrs. Davenport said that during the long run of "Julius Cæsar" at Booth's theatre, she once went with Fanny, then leading lady at Daly's theatre, and that Fanny cried like a child over the death scene of Brutus. It was at this same interview that Mrs. Davenport asked me if I cared to see one of the greatest treasures her husband left her, and as I assented lifted a *portière* showing me one of her sons (Harry, I think) asleep on a couch. Going from the interview I recall shocking a staid Baltimore lady at a Johns Hopkins reception by telling her that I had just come from visiting an actress in her boudoir and there looking at her treasures.

Courtesy T. Allston [illegible]

LAWRENCE BARRETT AS CASSIUS

That Mr. Davenport's splendid abilities missed the full recognition due them I have ever felt was due mainly to his lack of reserve and bad habit of "jollying" his audiences with his before-the-curtain speeches. As Billy Florence once said, talking of this, "People went home forgetting the great Hamlet they had seen, recalling only the funny stories the actor had told them."

It was not till after Davenport's death that I met Lawrence Barrett, whom I grew greatly to esteem for his lofty purpose and unflinching efforts to uplift the stage. Somewhere about 1882 I was a guest at a dinner given to Mr. Barrett in Baltimore at the home of Prof. H. Newell Martin, of the Johns Hopkins University. Hostess and

guest of honor are all long since dead, so there can be no breach of hospitality in reporting the interesting talk of the occasion. I recall asking Mr. Barrett, who was just producing "The Blot on the Scutcheon" if he did not think Browning could have produced more great plays had he not had that unfortunate misunderstanding with Macready. His reply was, "Yes, if he could have had associated with him some one familiar with the *acting* stage."

LINA ABARBANELL

Mrs. Martin was one of the most beautiful women that ever lived in Baltimore, and before her marriage had, as Miss Hetty Carey, been one of the most notorious and active Southern sympathizers during the Civil War, with the result that about 1863 she had been sent through the lines to Virginia by order of Gen. Robert C. Schenck, commanding the Department of Maryland. Going to Richmond she had attended a masquerade ball as "Maryland" with chains on her wrists symbolizing her political views. Mr. Jefferson Davis himself removed the chains. Not long afterward she married Gen. Pegram, a brave and gallant Confederate soldier, but her happiness was short-lived, for he was very soon killed in battle. Returning to Baltimore after the war she several years later wedded Prof. Martin, a brilliant young Englishman who was professor of biology in the university. During the dinner a discussion arose as to the probability of Mr. Gillette's making a success of his then new war play, "Held by the Enemy," which was to follow Mr. Barrett at the theatre at which he was playing. Mr. Barrett was of the opinion that neither Gillette nor any one else could, so soon after the Civil War, produce a play that would succeed both in the North and South, holding that nothing was good art that did not depict scenes that gave pleasurable emotions or awaken good moral aspirations. Among those who opposed Mr. Barrett's views on this subject was a distinguished Baltimore physician who is, as a rule, one of the most abstemious of men, but who on this occasion sat next a bottle of Chartreuse, from which he frequently refilled his glass. This gentleman was insistent that "the environment" must always be considered, and that of all men Zola best depicted the environment that surrounds his characters, and hence was our greatest modern novelist. Mr. Barrett combatted this for a long while, but the more he did so the more insistent was his opponent, until about one A. M. (it was an after theatre dinner) Barrett rose and said smilingly, "Gentlemen, the environment of that bottle of Chartreuse is getting too forcible for this discussion. Let us drop it and permit me to take my leave," a suggestion assented to by all, including the doctor.

in one section or the other it would awaken too much animosity. That he was in error was demonstrated the next week when a party was made up and Mrs. Martin and myself enjoyed the play together equally, although she had been the hottest of Southern sympathizers and the writer an officer in the Union army.

Years afterward I was again a guest with Mr. Barrett at a dinner at a Baltimore club. As we sat over coffee, cordials and cigars, an animated discussion arose as to realism *versus* idealism in art, literature and the drama. Some of the disputants stoutly maintained that Zola and Daudet were the greatest literary artists of the day in that they depicted life in its worst phases as a warning. Mr. Barrett firmly held to an opposite view, holding that

LINA ABARBANELL, FORMER GRAND OPERA PRIMA DONNA, NOW APPEARING IN THE DE KOVEN OPERETTA "THE STUDENT KING"

This artist, who had established herself as a prime favorite at the German theatre in Irving Place in this city, before she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Hansel and Gretel," is a Portuguese by birth. Her father is Paul Abarbanell, a well-known grand opera conductor of Berlin. The greater part of her life, however, has been spent in German-speaking countries. She began her stage career at the age of six and she has appeared with success in all the larger European cities

Photo by Byron, N. Y.
Every day scene on that interesting stretch of Broadway between 42nd and 37th streets known as the Rialto. Here the players are wont to congregate to talk shop, and incidentally with the hope of hearing of an engagement

Little Tragedies of New York's Rialto

By GEORGE C. JENKS

ALONG the Rialto, what? Tragedy behind Comedy's mask? Haggard Care peeping over Laughter's shoulder? To some extent, yes. And yet, in what part of Broadway may you not find a similar incongruity of sentiment and emotion? If it is more marked between Thirty-fifth and Forty-fifth streets, it is only because that stretch of Broadway is the theatrical rendezvous, and theatrical people trade in the passions. That is all.

How gay seems this Rialto! Surely the market-place of Venice, from which it took its name, never showed more kaleidoscopic bustle! The air is that of the theatre. Actors line the curbs, throng the entrances of office buildings, laugh riotously from the open windows of chop-houses, and sun their magnificence en route on the hot pavements.

Nearly all are well dressed. Broadway is their show-window, and they are as particular about their personal appearance there as if they were on the stage. The shabby actor on Broadway is the exception. When you do find him, usually he is a Shakespearian player. It may be carelessness, a disdain of conventionality, or sheer poverty, but the fact remains that the man who has played every masculine character in "Hamlet" except Hamlet, is likely to be threadbare and down at heel in private life.

Ask that trig young actor in blue serge, standing at the corner of Fortieth street, who has just signed a contract to appear in one inane part in a modern play for the season, why this is, and he will answer, airily: "Don't know, dear boy. 'Legits' always look that way."

There are some "legits" (short for "legitimate" actor) who are not shabby, but they are never as spectacular sartorially as their younger brethren, who never wore doublet and hose or a suit of chain-mail in the whole of their stage careers. Shakespeare tends to economy in dress, despite Polonius's well-remembered advice.

While most of the stationary representatives of the stage along the Broadway pave are men, the Rialto would not be the glad half-mile it is were it not trimmed with femininity. The stage girl is there, but she walks swiftly, as with a set purpose. It is not regarded as good form for a lady to stop, unless she is halted by a gentleman or a friend of her own sex. In such case they retire to one of the doorways always hospitably open along the theatrical "lane," and have it out, or walk together for a short distance. They go only a block or two. Then, if her companion is a gentleman, he raises his hat with a sort of d'Artagnan sweep only possible to an actor, and, booming a sonorous "Au revoir!" sends her on her way.

What do the stage women on the Rialto on this sunny afternoon?

Well, for instance, here is compact little Miss Montmorency tripping along. She is making a round of the agents and managers. Of course, she is elaborately dressed for the theatrical promenade. To use her own expression, she "has them all on." From her jewel-encircled neck to her champagne-colored Oxfords, she is gorgeous, not to say prismatic. Billowy laces, fluttering many-hued ribbons, a glimpse of a white shoulder where the embroidery is indiscreet, another of a plump arm between the short, transparent sleeve and the top of the mousquetaire glove, a golden ceinture girdling a wonderfully slim waist, turquoises, amethysts and rhinestones erupting at unexpected places, and the whole sanctified by a faint fragrance of some judiciously selected perfume—that is Miss Pearl Montmorency.

Her hat is indescribable. It is in this article of dress that you recognize the Montmorency type of soubrette. She could no more help wearing a hat that makes other women turn around than she could fall into the vulgarity of over-scenting herself. There is a suggestion of rouge (technically, "day-paint") on her cheeks, but only a suggestion. She is skillful in "make-up," and knows that the sun is more searching than a "spot-light."

Prettily Miss Montmorency acknowledges the lifting of hats by a group of stiff-armed actors, about the entrance to a theatrical exchange, whose restless eyes have descried her in the offing, and in she goes to the elevator. The man who keeps his hat on is a

manager. The four who uncover are three actors and a stage-hand.

Released from the elevator, Miss Montmorency enters a gloomy ante-room, occupied by a gloomy office boy, and a dozen actors and actresses waiting funereally for an interview with the great man, whose voice can be heard mumbling stridently through the closed inner door. It is all very depressing. Some of the waiting folk whisper to each other now and then, and at long intervals a low chuckle will startle the solemnity of the occasion. As a rule there is deadly silence, the men tapping their noses with the tops of their light canes, and the women gazing sadly at the floor. You do not know how many aching hearts there are in that roomful of gaily-dressed men and women, but — God help them!—you can imagine.

Miss Montmorency hands her card to the gloomy boy, who straightway falls to scratching his name with a bad pen on the back of it, glancing scornfully at the "people" from time to time. Men and women of the stage are just "people," in managers' offices. The office boy reflects coarsely the attitude of his employer. He knows he will not be kicked into the hallway or thrown out of window by some indignant actor, although how he escapes is one of the mysteries of theatrical toleration.

The boy stops his scratching to take a card inside and usher the owner into the Presence. The interviews are short. When Miss Montmorency came in, it was a leading lady who had the managerial ear, and she kept it until she had poured into it all that was on her mind when she entered—mostly in the nature of complaint. A leading lady is privileged, but the manager has little time for the rank and file. So, after acknowledging Miss Montmorency's rather gushing salutation with a stony "Good morning," he dismisses her with a curt "There is nothing at present. We have your address, if we should want you."

ROSE STAHL

Previous to Miss Stahl's incursion into vaudeville with Mr. Forbes' then one-act play "The Chorus Lady" she followed Mary Mannering as the star of "Janice Meredith." Before that she was much in demand as leading woman in stock companies all over the country

How bravely the little woman shows her well-kept teeth in a smile as she bids the manager a cheery "Good morning," with emphasis on the "Good"! The hallway is empty, and if she presses back a tear with the "powder-rag" from her hand-bag, while waiting for the elevator, whose business is it but her own?

Out on Broadway again! Perhaps Miss Montmorency's breath comes a little short under her lace and jewelry, as something of world-weariness clutches at her heart! But—it is getting late in the season. Many companies have been filled, and she has not "signed" yet. Her money is nearly gone. She is "back in her room rent," and there are many punches in the cheap meal-ticket issued by the steamy second-class restaurant, where she takes her two meals a day. So away she trudges to another office, smiling and bowing as blithely as if she were on her way to rehearsal, with a blue-covered good "part" in her hand. She must "make a front."

"Make a front!" She has been doing that, both on and off the stage, ever since she entered the profession. Why, time and again, last winter when she was doing her whirlwind dancing specialty in "The Princess Vichy," she had fallen, utterly exhausted, into the arms of the leading comedian, as she made her exit. He had remarked that her hands were ice-cold. "So are my feet," she had replied, as she fainted dead away. But it was necessary to "make a front." So, while the house thundered and roared for her to reappear, they chafed her cold hands and bathed her burning forehead with bay rum, until she came to herself, dazed, but full of pluck.

"All right?" asked the stage manager, in a business-like tone. "Let her go!" He nodded from the first entrance to the orchestra

Hall

FLORENCE LESTER

Leading woman with Chauncey Olcott in "Eileen Asthore" this season

Sarony

JOSEPH COYNE

Well-known comedian lately seen at the Casino in "My Lady's Maid"

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MARGARET ANGLIN IN HER NEW PLAY BY WILLIAM VAUGHAN MOODY ENTITLED "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

The play presents a struggle between a primitive man and a Puritan woman. The above pictures represent Miss Anglin as the heroine Ruth Jordan, and as herself

leader, and as he swung into the music of the dance, she was on again, smiling and roguish-eyed, dancing even more vigorously than before. She had "made her front."

It is nothing uncommon for a girl to be completely overcome at the end of a dance. Two sisters of a popular comedian, who died in a Broadway hotel not long ago, were in a farce-comedy in which their husbands were starring jointly. Night after night these two sisters danced tempestuously, and night after night they were caught in the arms of members of the company as they came off. How they lived through it is hard to understand. But they did. That was a dozen years ago, but they are still dancing, are still favorite soubrettes, and seem to be as well as ever—before the footlights. They are "making their front."

One of the little tragedies of the masked Rialto is the partiality of Time in dealing with the sexes. The man wears so much better than the woman. There is a dashing star actor, famous as one of the best swordsmen in America, who looks, on the stage, as if he might be in his twenties. This actor was doing "juveniles" in the early seventies. He plays young lovers to-day. He did Romeo two seasons ago, and looked the part. Somehow, he has preserved perfectly his youthful figure and elasticity. The lines in his face can be hidden by "make-up."

A man is as old as he looks—on the stage. Unfortunately, the rule applies to women, too, and the feminine constitution cannot stand the cruel stress of the theatre as well as a man's. I know a comedian whose wife was one of the prettiest girls under the management of Charles H. Hoyt, when the Hoyt farce-comedies were in the zenith of their popularity. She had golden hair, clear-cut, regular features, a captivating figure, good singing voice, talent as a dancer and unquenchable vivacity. She "created" several of the principal soubrette characters in Hoyt productions. Year after year she was "featured," and a proof of her attractiveness was that most of the other Hoyt girls were jealous of her.

There was a knock-about comedian who used to do tough boys in the Hoyt plays with this pretty girl. He was not handsome. When he covered his round head with a brick-colored scratch wig, carmined his nose, and dressed himself in baggy short "pants," he was ugly enough to put out a calcium light. But the pretty girl fell in love with him and became his wife. The comedian was agile, as well as funny. He could turn somersaults and flip-flaps, dive headlong through

AVERY HOPWOOD

Who has recently made his metropolitan début as a dramatic author with his first play "Clothes," written in collaboration with Channing Pollock. Mr. Hopwood is only twenty-four and a graduate of the University of Michigan. He served his literary apprenticeship as a reporter on the Cleveland, Ohio, *Leader*

windows, come down chimneys, or melt away in a vampire trap, and shoot up through a "star" with marvelous skill. His face was his fortune. The pretty girl always admired it. He could "mug" divinely.

A friend met this comedian in Broadway lately, looking just as he had looked twenty years ago, and asked him whether his wife was playing.

"Oh, yes," he answered, carelessly. "But she has got to playing 'old women.' That is the only line she is good for now."

"And you?" asked the friend.

"Me? Oh, I am still doing kids."

And he is. He is older in years than his wife — who would be hardly middle-aged except in the stage world — but he does not look it. Her former neat figure has settled, and her pretty face shows worn through the rouge and powder. She can no longer play kids. Her husband can, and will, until he dries up.

There is a melodramatic actor, well-known along the Rialto, who plays boy parts, and has been doing so for more than a score of years. He remarked the other day: "I can still look eighteen on the stage." This is literally true. Dress him in a white shirt, open at the chest, with neat trousers, and his curly hair in careless disorder; then throw a spot-light on him, and you would say he was still in his teens. Really, he is not far from fifty. If he were a woman, he would have been professionally in the 'old woman' ranks ten years ago.

One of the best known comic opera star comedians, who is seen on a Broadway stage every season, did a leading "kid" rôle in a Hoyt farce-comedy for a number of years, until he rose as a star on his own account. A dainty little girl, who played the opposite soubrette part to him, became his wife. She left the Hoyt play to go with her husband, and continued to be the leading soubrette in his new piece until she, or somebody, realized that she was beginning to look more than eighteen or twenty on the stage. She has not appeared for a decade or more. Probably she is happier than if she were still before the footlights. Her husband, the comedian, is wealthy, and, instead of representing old women on the stage, she is the chatelaine of one of the handsomest country homes within easy reach of Broadway. He is still a kid—on the stage.

While little Miss Montmorency is traipsing Broadway, looking for an engagement, she encounters an anxious, scared-looking young girl, whose dress is not of the style of the Rialto, carrying a roll of sheet-music. Pity wells up in Miss Montmorency's bosom. She has her own troubles, but she has faced them so many times that they do not daunt her as once they did. As she would express it, she "knows the game." But this young girl with the roll of music and provincial clothes is different. She is so evidently in a strange world, that Miss Montmorency murmurs, "Poor kid! She is going to tackle that voice-trying stunt."

Hallen

ANNIE RUSSELL AS PUCK
In "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Astor Theatre

Miss Montmorency's surmise is correct. From the white-hot glare of Broadway into a dark, cool tunnel, smelling curiously of canvas, new pine, rosin, water-colors, electric insulation and perfumes that are no longer fragrant, plunges the young girl. It is a stage entrance. She emerges in a bare barn, with a piano in the middle of the immense sterile floor, and she knows she is on the stage. Through the gloom she sees a man in his shirt-sleeves at the piano, sitting on an ordinary wooden chair. All the scenery is stacked flat against the wall at the back. She finds herself among a number of dejected-looking girls and young men, each with a roll of music in hand. Strutting about near the dead footlights, on the other side of the stage, is a pompous big man, who glares at the group through his glasses from time to time. The girl learns that he is the stage manager.

A young man in tan shoes is running the musical scale, assisted by an occasional thump on the piano. A pause. Tan Shoes marches sadly away, in obedience to a negative shake of the head by the stage manager. The scale again, in a soprano that would create a favorable sensation in a parlor or a country church, but is pitifully inadequate in this awful space. Woe! Another pause—a longer one. A confident-looking young man by our girl's side is taking off his collar, necktie, vest and suspenders. Then he unfastens the top button of his shirt and walks to the piano, handing his sheet music to the pianist. That shirt-sleeved day-laborer takes the music apathetically and plays the prelude to "The Heart Bowed Down" with the precision of one who knows his trade. The young man, stripped for action, sings the first stanza, and is waiting for his accompanist to start him on the second, when the stage manager breaks in: "That is enough." As the young man slowly dresses himself, he realizes that he "will not do." He does not understand it, but the stage manager does.

(*Continued on page viii.*)

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Astor Theatre

Hallen, N. Y. Lansing Rowan (Helena) Oswald Yorke (Lysander) Catherine Proctor (Hermia)

Hermia—Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Theseus (Edmund Mordaunt) Hippolyta (Edyth Chapman) Demetrius (Lionel Adams) Helena (Lansing Rowan) Lysander (Oswald Yorke) Hermia (Catherine Proctor) Egeus (Atkins Lawrence) Philostrate (Edward Longman)

"The iron tongue of midnight hath tolled twelve—
Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairy time."

This photograph of Giacomo Puccini, the composer of "Madame Butterfly," and Miss Elza Szamosy, who sings the title rôle, was taken on the stage after the first performance of the opera in Buda-Pesth. The picture, as may be seen, is autographed by the composer

ADELAIDE NORWOOD-BRANDT
American singer who returns from abroad to sing the title rôle in one of the "Butterfly" companies

Madame Butterfly in Opera

"MADAME BUTTERFLY," familiar to theatregoers because of David Belasco's dramatic version of John L. Long's story, is Puccini's latest operatic success, and it looms big on the horizon of American opera this season. It would seem that in the estimation of Henry W. Savage, champion of opera sung in the English language, this work is destined to occupy as prominent a place in the interests of music-lovers as did "Parsifal" several seasons ago, for Mr. Savage has assembled a cosmopolitan company of artists who are to produce "Madame Butterfly" exclusively, touring the United States and presenting this work in the various important cities—a scheme the lines of which are parallel to the "Parsifal" venture, in English, achieved by this manager three seasons ago. In addition to this, New York audiences are to hear "Madame Butterfly," sung in Italian, at the Metropolitan Opera House, where the work is to be produced, both as an entity and also as a unit, in the Puccini cycle—comprising "Manon Lescaut," "La Bohême," "Tosca," and "Madame Butterfly." The Metropolitan Opera House production is to have the personal supervision of the composer, who has accepted Mr. Conried's offer and invitation to come to New York and supervise the staging and the final rehearsals of the work.

Giacomo Puccini, the most interesting figure among living Italian opera composers, chooses not to call "Madame Butterfly" an opera: the title page of the score bears the explanatory sub-title, "A Japanese Tragedy." The Italian libretto is prepared by those clever librettists, Illica and Giacosa, whose texts have on previous occasions formed the basis for Puccini's music. Instead of being merely an adaptation into Italian of David Belasco's drama, of the same title, the librettists of the Puccini work have gone back to the source that inspired Mr. Belasco, namely the story by John Luther Long. So the librettists have presented their version of the work in two acts, and the second act is divided into two scenes, the one scene separated from the other by a curtain fall. Thus their work is practically a three-act libretto; and thus, too, Puccini's music-tragedy (if the word may be coined to describe it, as was the title "music-drama" invented to explain and accompany Wagner's more serious writings for the stage) employs more

characters than did David Belasco's play.

The first act of the text, set to music by Puccini, shows a Japanese house, terrace and garden, situated on a knoll showing, in the background, the bay, harbor and town of Nagasaki. Goro, a marriage broker, shows the house to Lieut. Pinkerton, an officer of the S.S. "Abraham Lincoln" of the United States Navy, and to his friend, Sharpless, United States Consul at Nagasaki. It is here that Lieut. Pinkerton marries Cho-Cho-San, called Madame Butterfly, and the ceremony is officially attended by the Imperial Commissioner and the Official Registrar, and is witnessed by the relations of Madame Butterfly. The festivities and the drinking of saki are interrupted by the bride's uncle, The Bonze, who has discovered that before the ceremony Butterfly paid a visit to the foreign mission and there disclaimed her religious loyalty to Japan and embraced the faith of the American lieutenant, whom she afterwards marries. It is made clear, that to Lieut. Pinkerton this affair is but the momentary gratification of a caprice of the heart, while to Madame Butterfly the marriage is an incident of great and serious moment. After the bride's relatives have dispersed, heaving curses upon the disloyal Butterfly, the two lovers chant their sentimental and amative lays, and go from the garden into the house. This scene concludes the first act.

From the rising of the curtain on the second act the Puccini tragedy follows the lines designed by Mr. Belasco in his drama of the same title. The scene represents the interior of Madame Butterfly's house, where she, her infant boy, "Trouble," and her servant, Suzuki, live in doubt and want, deserted by Lieut. Pinkerton. Goro, the marriage broker, importunes her to marry Prince Yamadori, who is paying her ardent court. These offers are rejected by Butterfly, who remains obdurately faithful to the absent Pinkerton, father of her child. Sharpless, the Consul, appears to read her a letter written by Pinkerton, and which was designed to make an end to all hopes of his returning to Butterfly; but Sharpless finds it impossible to execute his commission in the face of all the belief and hope displayed by Butterfly, and is distracted by the love she shows for the child. The booming of cannon is heard from the harbor, and Butterfly deciphers the name of the war vessel in port as that of the "Abraham Lincoln." Now she is convinced that Pinkerton will return, and this, the first scene of the second act, closes with the three faithful ones peeping through three holes in the *shosi*, waiting for the lieutenant to return and reclaim them: the baby seated on a cushion, Suzuki crouching and Butterfly standing rigidly, all peering expectantly into the open through the little holes made in the paper wall of the house as night descends.

The final scene of the tragedy is familiar, and may be sketched rapidly: When the curtain rises dawn has begun, and the figures of the three watchers are still seen at the *shosi*. Butterfly is finally overcome by fatigue and retires; Pinkerton, his wife Kate, and Sharpless appear and converse with the servant Suzuki; the men leave before Butterfly comes upon the scene. When she finally appears she is told what has happened, and learns that Pinkerton has married another, but that he offers to care for the child. Butterfly, utterly crushed, tells Kate that her husband, Pinkerton, may come in half an hour to claim the child; then the brave little Japanese woman kisses the sword of her ancestors, raves lovingly over her child and disappears behind a screen where she suicides. She totters from her hiding place, drags herself to the child, and falls dead on the floor beside him just as Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room.

ELZA SZAMOSY

Hungarian prima donna, who has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to sing the title rôle in Puccini's tragic opera "Madame Butterfly" in English. She is one of the most beautiful women on the stage

The score shows Puccini's artistic cunning and his musical cleverness. It is dotted with much of the lyric loveliness that makes "La Bohême" beloved, and its more rugged features are punctuated by the tense dramatic characteristics that stamp "Tosca" a vitally interesting, if even a brutally frank work. But it is safe to predict that "Madame Butterfly" will have in its favor the tender and exotic charm of its libretto—a quality that will endear it to the masses.

Madame Elza Szamosy, who will make her American début as Madame Butterfly, is a Hungarian by birth, and has been singing at the Royal Opera in Buda-Pesth for the past two seasons. One of her greatest successes was the rôle of Carmen. She is a daughter of a distinguished physician at the University of Hungary, and in her childhood enjoyed the patronage of "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania.

My First Appearance on Any Stage

By KYRLE BELLEW

TIME: Summer; PLACE: On board H. M. S. Canary, lying in the Sloyne.

The ship was dressed from flying jibboom to taffrail with many colored flags; her yards manned, and as the guns of the guardship H. M. S. Donegal thundered out a royal salute His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, stepped over on our gangway, and we all cheered ourselves hoarse.

KYRLE BELLEW

It was a great day! The Mayor of Liverpool, all the shipping magnates with their wives, daughters, "sisters, cousins, and aunts," and many of the parents of cadets belonging to the ship were on board to witness the annual distribution of prizes, the drill and inspection by the Duke, and the presentation of a play (performed by us after many arduous rehearsals) in which I was cast for—the leading lady! It was: one Laura, I think, in "Time Tells All." Why I was chosen for such a prominent part I am at a loss to conceive, unless because as a gamester I was possessed of a somewhat subtle manner and a face that lent itself to the requisites of making up to look like a girl.

A great, big, fair-haired, good-natured fellow named Cummings (he died of cholera, poor chap, in Bombay, and we buried him the same evening down at Colaba) was one of the company. Bobby Knowles (I have never seen him since) and Fred Parson, who after many years' service in the navy, accepted a fine appointment in the Inman line, and has command of the magnificent ships sailing between New York and England. There were others in the cast, but time has obliterated their names from my memory, and I don't recall the parts they played. Bobby Knowles had to be one of my lovers. I know there was a scene when he knelt at my feet, and I think Fred Parson was the inevitable "other man." There was also an episode with poor Cummings, but what it was has faded from my memory.

The main deck aft on the starboard side served as a stage, and was gracefully draped with flags. Our audience sat on rows of chairs and forms, arranged the same way as when we "rigged church" on Sunday. His Royal Highness and suite were in the middle of the front row surrounded by the Mayor and carpenter, the officers of the ship, behind whom came the distinguished guests and in "the gallery" at the back of all the hundred cadets were the ship's company.

For some reason I was a prime favorite with the captain's wife, and she had volunteered to provide the necessary dresses for my part. I had to appear in a riding habit, and over this arose my first difficulty. We couldn't "fake" a riding habit, and I couldn't go to the expense of having one made. However, a very pretty girl, the sister of one of the boys, a strapping, rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking, out-of-doors, sporting English girl, about eighteen years old, came to our rescue. She lived at Rock Gerry, off which we were moored, and often came aboard to visit her brother. She would "lend her own riding habit for the occasion." So that was all right. But when I came to put it on, the fact that she measured in every direction except up in the air about twice as much as I did was at once apparent.

Something had to be done, but what? Parson suggested "towels." Knowles roared at me. Cummings voted that they should "stuff him with socks."

Poor Mrs. Maull took me to the captain's room, and after pondering the matter over thought there was nothing for it but to follow Cummings' suggestion, and our respective chests were ransacked and all the available socks brought up to complete my figure.

We used to have a regulation method of folding up our socks, which made each pair up into a little ball. When my toilet was completed I looked a bit bubbly and lumpy, but we smoothed things down as much as we could, and everyone said it looked fine. "It," I presumed, being my figure.

Dear Mrs. Maull beamed upon me with delight. Captain Maull grinned all over his good-natured old face, but Parson and Cummings mortified me into blushes by making rude remarks about my contour, which they compared to anything unlike the virgin beauty I was supposed to represent.

The prizes were given, the Queen's gold medal awarded, the

KYRLE BELLEW AS BRIGADIER GIRARD

Conan Doyle's stories of the Napoleonic wars have been made into a play in which Mr. Bellew is now acting the title rôle

Duke's speech vigorously applauded, inspection and drill all over, and while the visitors were "regaled" at a repast the shrill pipes of the boatswain's mates blew the call "Rig church."

My heart began to beat. The long prepared for but awful moment had arrived. We all got ready for our parts. The band played, and finally the curtain rose on "Time Tells All."

Our audience was delightfully cordial. The Duke laughed good-humoredly, and all went swimmingly until Bobby Knowles knelt at my feet and began his love scene. I think I had to "scorn him." Anyway, whatever it was, I had to rise from my chair, and with an indignant gesture bid him "Begone!" It was something of that sort, anyway.

I did rise, I did throw out my arm. I did all we had rehearsed, but in doing it by some means or other the bosom of my dress became unbuttoned and out came a pair of socks, which fell to the deck and rolled to the feet of the Duke.

Some devilish shipmate at the back sang out "Bravo, Socks!"

The Duke roared, and so did everyone else. I lost my head and could hear nothing but the jeers and yells of delight from the ten hundred or more young devils in the "gallery."

At length, stung to desperation, I tore open my gown, and seizing the rest of my figure flung the socks, like so many cannon-balls, at the heads of my tormentors.

There was an uproar. Back came the socks. And amidst a scene of uproarious laughter and confusion the curtain fell upon my first appearance on the stage.

We all got a horrible wigging from the captain, but His Royal Highness was delighted, and voted that the amusement he had derived from the escapade was far in excess of anything he had anticipated, and begged Capt. Maull to pass the matter over. The Duke looked up aloft as we manned yards when he left the ship, and he was still laughing as he got into the barge that took him ashore.

Kyrle Bellew enjoying the Summer vacation cruising on his yacht, of which he is the commander. As is well known this actor began life in the British navy and is a master mariner. The gentleman sitting near him is Frank Connor, his leading man

Some years afterward His Royal Highness visited India in Her Majesty's steamship Galatea, of which ship Fred Parson was one of the junior officers. My ship was in Bombay, and I was in charge of the boat that was sent ashore with many others from the various ships in the harbor to the Apollo Bunder, where the Duke embarked to report himself on board the "forte" frigate, then carrying the Commodore's flag on the station.

All the crews tossed oars as the Prince came down the bunder, and he stood up in the stern sheets and saluted as he passed along.

All of a sudden he stopped opposite my boat, and a broad grin lit up his features.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before, youngster?"

I saluted and answered "Yes, sir."

"Where was it?"

"On the Canary, sir."

"Socks, by gad! I thought so." And the Prince passed on roaring with laughter.

A good many summers have come and gone since the foregoing incident occurred, and many of the participants in it, including the Duke of Edinburgh himself, are dead. During all these years that acting has been my vocation I have played all kinds of parts, but I do not think I have ever succeeded in provoking such a hearty burst of spontaneous laughter and applause as on this, my very first appearance on any stage.

MASKS

To Julia Marlowe

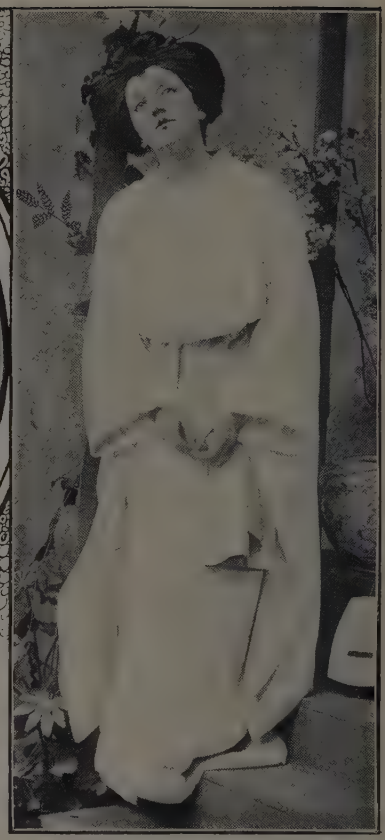
Lights and music and tears,
And Tragedy's Mask o'er all,
Yet our smiles hold sway throughout the play,
We laugh at the Curtain's fall.

Lights and music and song,
And Comedy's Mask o'er all,
Yet there's ne'er a heart but plays its part
With tears 'til the Curtain's fall. ANNE PEACOCK.

IN "THE SHUMALITE"

MISS LENA ASHWELL

Who has come to America from England to present "The Shumalite"



IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

A New Emotional Actress

LENA ASHWELL, the English emotional actress who is now appearing in this country, made her first success in the same rôle that gave our Margaret Anglin a reputation—the unhappy heroine in Henry Arthur Jones' drama, "Mrs. Dane's Defence." That was in 1900. Previous to that she had appeared as Elaine with Irving in "King Arthur," and in other plays of the Lyceum repertoire. In fact Irving made her a special protegée and it was on the advice of Ellen Terry, who first remarked her elocutionary talent and advised her to adopt the stage career. She appeared with George Alexander in "Lady Windermere's Fan," touring the provinces and gaining invaluable experience with that actor, and for some time she was under the tutelage of that master of melodrama, Wilson Barrett. But these years were only an apprenticeship, the crudities were polished down, the natural talent fostered and developed, and it was not until she appeared under the ægis of Irving that the critics and public recognized that a new actress of strong emotional temperament had come to the front. After her success with "Mrs. Dane's Defence" she was entrusted with the two most intensely tragic rôles that the American dramatist has yet given the English stage—the characters of Yo San in "The Darling of the Gods," and Leah Kleschna in the drama of that name. Her present rôle of Deborah in "The Shumalite," is said to reveal her art in its intense and appealing aspects.

IN "DANTE"

IN "LEAH KLESCHNA"

IN "RESURRECTION"

Roselle Knott—the Marlowe of the West

ROSELLE KNOTT, who for some years has been known as the Julia Marlowe of the West, and the successor of that actress for several seasons in the play "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will make her bow to critical New York this season in a comedy drama of the eighteenth century, entitled "The Duchess of Devonshire." Miss Knott has never appeared in New York city as a star, but she has been accepted as such in San Francisco and other large cities, as were Nance O'Neil, Florence Roberts and other actresses now prominently before our public. New York, as a rule, is tardy in extending the hand of recognition to freshcomers, but when the new claimant to histrionic distinction proves to have real ability, the metropolis is just as likely to go to the other extreme, and turn a modest beginner's head with injudicious praise and flattery, which, after all, is the way of the world.

ROSELLE KNOTT
In "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

For the past seven years Roselle Knott has starred with signal success—both artistic and financial. There must be some merit in an actress who is a warm favorite with a vast army of theatregoers, and that this player is very popular in those territories to which heretofore she has confined herself, there is no gainsaying. Throughout the West she is a prime favorite and she has a large following in the chief cities to and from the Pacific Coast, and in a large portion of Canada.

It was natural that she should have been chosen to succeed Miss Marlowe as the winsome, wilful Lady Mary. Like that fascinating heroine she possesses equal power to delight us with repartee, or to move us to tears. She has beauty of face and figure, a soft musical voice, a charming personality, eyes that flash with emotion or beam with gentleness—to these add the inborn refinement of a gentlewoman, and you have Roselle Knott.

MISS KNOTT
On her chicken farm in Indiana

One night last season the present writer was witnessing a performance of "Knighthood," with Miss Knott as Mary Tudor. When the actress flashed upon the stage—*flashed* is the word—like a ray of light among the brilliant assemblage of dames and nobles gathered on the terrace landing, and with her wit and frolicsome humor put to shame the placid Thames, an elderly gentleman seated in the orchestra blurted out enthusiastically:

"That girl is youth and beauty incarnate!"

Indeed, Miss Knott's greatest charm is her perpetual youth. She is as young to-day as she was ten years ago, and ten years hence will find her as young as she is to-day.

Some time ago Mme. Modjeska was ending her engagement at the Opera House in the city of Hamilton, Canada. To a house crowded to the doors this sweet and gentle actress was delivering the epilogue of Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It." In a seat well up in front, little Roselle Knott, her big black eyes aglow, bent eagerly forward, drinking in every word that fell from the lips of the distinguished player. It was her first visit to a theatre. Her home life was far removed from the atmosphere of the playhouse, but the drama was considered one of the necessities of a liberal education, so again and again Roselle was taken, her desire and ambition to become an actress growing stronger and stronger each time. A few years later, when on a visit to New York, the theatres of the metropolis became naturally the Mecca of the enthusiastic girl. She saw Richard Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance." The play made a great and lasting impression on her. For the time being the theatre was her temple, the stage her shrine, and the devotee was unconscious of the presence of any except those in front of her. Upon her return home she announced her determination to adopt the stage as a profession. Scandalized, her parents would not hear of such a thing. But fate removed this stumbling block. Miss Knott became the most successful amateur actress in her home city, and when the opportunity presented itself for the professional stage she was ready. It came in this way:

An actress in a road company became suddenly ill in Hamilton. The closing of the theatre seemed inevitable. The distracted manager exclaimed:

"Is there no clever amateur in this town who can take her place?"

A number of people recommended Roselle Knott.

Her success was instantaneous. Offers of engagements began to come in. Flattering terms were offered and,

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ROSELLE KNOTT
In every-day life

overcoming family prejudice, she secured the paternal consent, and joined a company at Halifax. The rest she tells in her own words:

"I was engaged for the lead in Steel Mackaye's drama, 'Paul Kauvar,' after that I signed for three years with Augustus Pitou. The first part under his management was Nourmalie in 'The Cherry Pickers.' Then all of the leading feminine rôles with Richard Mansfield were offered me. You may well believe I didn't hesitate a moment. Among those rôles was Marcelle in 'A Parisian Romance.' Little did I dream when, as a child, I sympathized with the trials of the heroine that a few years later I would be in the company of the great actor, playing the rôle myself, and perhaps having other little aspirants sympathizing with me. After that engagement my reputation as a leading woman was pretty well established. I was next with Robert B. Mantell and then the original Lygia in the New York production of 'Quo Vadis.' I next played Josephine in Julia Arthur's production of 'More Than Queen,' later following Amelia Bingham as Katrinka in 'A Modern Magdalen.' My next vehicle was 'When Knighthood Was in Flower'; I was afraid I might suffer comparison with Miss Marlowe, but everyone was most kind, especially the author, Mr. Major. Then came 'Cousin Kate,' and from sheer lack of a suitable play I returned to my dear love Mary Tudor.

"I have been fortunate for this coming season," she went on. "My manager, Mr. Shipman, has secured for me 'The Duchess of Devonshire,' by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus. It is a romantic comedy-drama of the time of George II. and III. Beau Nash, George Fox and other historical characters of that period appear. I shall wear the famous Gainsborough costume and headdress, and J. Pierpont Morgan's fifty thousand dollar painting will be faithfully reproduced for the tour. In January I am to take up the interrupted tour of 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' and fill the balance of the city time originally booked for Miss Barrymore, later returning to my own play."

MABEL SHAMBLEAU KEIGHTLEY.

The Mission of the Dramatic School

WITH the passing of Lewis Morrison a few weeks ago, there disappeared from public view another actor of the "old school," the school of long apprenticeship, the stock company of the old days, when the aspirant for dramatic honors spent many years in a usually futile effort to gain recognition.

To-day the training formerly acquired laboriously in the stock company is given in the dramatic school, which is a recognized institution, as are the schools in which other professions of art and science are taught. The skeptical often exclaim, "None of the really great actors ever went to a dramatic school." To this one may answer, "But they had teachers who taught them the fundamental principles of their art"—Rachel, Talma, Charlotte Cushman, Booth, Frederick Lemaitre, Forrest, and many others. Formerly the outsider found the greatest difficulties, if he desired to secure a position on the stage, however humble. In those days, the real art of the theatre was to be learned only in the theatre, and so long and arduous was the road to recognition and proficiency, that by the time success had crowned his efforts, he found himself an old man, weary and heartsick after the long struggle.

No less an authority than Arthur Wing Pinero, the greatest of living English dramatists, has said: "For a man to venture upon the stage to fulfill duties, however slight, without first grounding himself in the technicalities of articulation, modulation, emphasis and inflection, is as gross an anomaly as for a man to paint a picture without knowledge of drawing, or any developed sense of color."

Into the dramatic school of to-day may enter the untutored and untrained young man or woman, and after a certain term they are sent forth into their profession with a knowledge and equipment which, until a few years back, could only have been accomplished after several years of the hardest drudgery. The aspirant for theatrical distinction made his way along a path at the outset of which stood the character commonly referred to as "super," and at the end of which emerged a half-trained actor, fitted only for subordinate parts.

The study of acting, if rightly pursued and following natural methods, is an education of the highest importance to every person. The student will have become familiar with every phase of human nature, with the laws that govern all expressions of words and feelings, with the control of the body, and will have acquired information of an intellectual character and self-culture, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. There can be no better course of training for any man or woman than that which is found in the pursuance of this art of arts. Everything is done to stimulate the imagination, to awake the intelligence of the student, and to assist them to a clear understanding, a comprehensive grasp of the inmost meaning and spirit of their work, the characters to which they are trying to give form and life. Merely as an education, this work of giving physical expression to the best thoughts of the best minds, clothed in the noblest language, is certainly priceless. In every sense it gives the pupils in the shortest possible time all the requisite knowledge necessary for a successful stage career.

Progress in the methods of all lines of study is the rule of the day. We cannot longer govern ourselves by old methods and standards. Cherished traditions have been handed down to us like hallowed memories of the deeds of the giants of the old school. Their day is past. In their place has risen the student, young and vigorous, of the new school, the new temple of art. The dramatic school has its mission, its work is clearly defined. Its usefulness has been proved, and its results have surprised the most skeptical. The scoffer has become a convert. The way of the young aspirant is still a hard road to travel, but now as never before, the way to success is pointed out to him, and hard work, intelligence and sincere endeavor are his sure stepping stones to success.

PAUL GERSON.

From the *Sketch*

BEERBOHM TREE'S PRIVATE ROOM ABOVE HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON

Decorated by large panels by Charles A. Buchel—pictures representing scenes from those plays of Shakespeare which have already been produced by Mr. Tree, as well as one or two which he will do. One corner of the room is devoted to Mr. Tree's correspondence, and it is no infrequent thing for his letters to remain unopened on the lounge for two or three days when the actor is busy with a new production on which he is engaged

The New Sothern-Marlowe Poetic Drama

By HENRY TYRRELL

POETIC drama, which waxes or wanes with the general standard of theatric art and ideals, in its full perfection registers the high-water mark of a people's literary expression. Of the Biblical Hebrews, of classic Greece and Rome, of the great modern States of Continental Europe and Elizabethan England, it is the imperishable memorial. Its traditions on the English-speaking stage survived while the old legitimate stock-company system lasted, that is to say until towards the latter end of the nineteenth century, in such British dramatic writers as Bulwer-Lytton, Sheridan Knowles, and W. S. Gilbert, and such Americans as N. P. Willis, George Boker, and the now forgotten authors who supplied Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman with the ponderous metrical machines in vogue a couple of generations ago.

PERCY MACKAYE
Son of the late Steele MacKaye and author of the new Sothern-Marlowe play "Jeanne d'Arc"

To-day, simultaneously with the rise of Stephen Phillips in England, the younger disciples of acted poetic drama in America begin to emerge. Their sudden appearance augurs well for our New Theatre, and in considerable measure it is directly due to E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, both of whom have been enthusiastic advocates of the aforesaid "New" or "National" idea from its inception, some five years back.

The two native dramatic poets now brought to the footlights are: Percy MacKaye, author of the Sothern-Marlowe "Jeanne d'Arc" and of their promised "Sappho and Phaon," also of the previously published "Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Fenris, the Wolf"; and Henry Walcott Boynton, whose blank-verse play, "Guenever," Mr. Sothern has likewise underlined for production before the end of the present season. The name of William Vaughn Moody must also be included in the category of the younger American poet-dramatists. His poetry is known through two or three published volumes, and he has at least one lyrical drama—"The Masque of Judgment"—to his credit. His play of Western life—"The Great Divide"—is now current at the Princess Theatre, in this city.

Percy MacKaye may be called a born dramatist, being the son of that lamented genius, the late Steele MacKaye, Delsartian actor and teacher, and author of "Hazel Kirke" and "Paul Kauvar." The son began following in his father's footsteps while yet a schoolboy, by writing some dramatic lyrics for the elder MacKaye's projected "Columbus" at the Chicago World's Fair Spectatorium, and these lyrics were set to music by Victor Herbert. The young MacKaye went to Harvard, was graduated there with the class of '97, spent a year or two at the University of Leipzig, and about the same length of time in Italy and Switzerland. Returning to America, he published his first full-fledged drama, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a sophomoric effort in verse, which, with the best of intentions, Mr. Sothern was never quite able to bring himself to put upon the stage, yet which, considered as a maiden effort, deservedly marked its young author for distinction. It is easy now to see why the actor hesitated at this Chaucerian travesty, yet commissioned MacKaye to write him another piece. "Fenris, the Wolf," was the result.

"Fenris, the Wolf," which the Macmillans publish in book form conjointly with "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Jeanne d'Arc," is a work of elemental originality and fine poetic imagination, drawn from the Scandinavian mythology. The Fenris-wolf, offspring of Odin and brother to Baldur, through love is redeemed from his brute estate, chained in the frozen crater of an extinct volcano, to be re-born a god, exclaiming:

> "Yorul! my men, my liegemen! you—you also
> Conceived in chains and born in passion, you
> Also, who from an immemorial brute
> Rage for emancipation, oh, forget not
> Your brother Fenris, him who was brought forth
> A glorious miscarriage of the gods,
> To be exalted to a man."

From the wild Norse demigods to Jeanne, the mystic warrior-maid of Domrémy and Orleans, was the budding dramatist's next poetic flight. It was Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as we understand, who gave him the first suggestion of the "documental" and human-realistic treatment of this baffling historical character, which has subsequently merged into the lovely and sympathetic incarnation by Julia Marlowe. Contrasted with her spiritual trances and

Byron
EDWARD H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET"

White
HILDA SPONG AND HERBERT PERCY IN "JOHN HUDSON'S WIFE"

visions, and the supernatural apparition of Charlemagne at Rheims, we have the beautiful and touching farewell of the inspired peasant girl to her village home in Lorraine:

"How happily doth all the world go home!
The bee hath left the shutting marguerite
To dust his wings at Pierrot's garden door
And hum all night to drowsy chanticleers.
The rooks are whirling to the nested eaves.—
Thou little darking town of Domrémy,
Good-night! Thou winkest with thy lids of vines,
And layest down within the golden stream
Thy yellow thatches and thy poplars pale;
And thou, too, art upgathered in home fields.
But thy Jeannette must pass away from thee."

Mr. Sothern takes the part of Jean, Duc d'Alençon, cousin to King Charles VII. Here are his lines as he first gazes upon the maid sleeping in her silver armor before the walls of Orleans:

"When did such maidenhood sleep in the moon
Before? or such a soldier dream in armor?
The camp is silent, and this summer night;
But all the dark is sown with dragon's teeth
That with the dawning shall spring up in steel
To rage and stab again. What martial seed,
Dropt in the April lap of green Lorraine
By angels sacking hell from Sinai's mount,
Bourgeoned this armèd girl to captain us?
Here sleeps in silver the strong virgin—France!"

Of "Sappho and Phaon," the newest verse-drama of Mr. MacKaye, upon which at present writing his busy pen is still employed, little information is vouchsafed as yet. The purple Mediterranean is its scene—" 'mid storied Hellas and the Ægean Isles."

Besides the works which have been named—in themselves a very fair record for a dramatist but just turned thirty—Percy MacKaye has written several other plays, less ambitious in a literary or poetic way. One of these, "The Scarecrow," was fancied and secured for production by James K. Hackett, but owing to stubborn circumstances and resultant delays, that manager's rights therein have lapsed. What a bizarre freak of fortune, in these days, that his poetic dramas should get upon the stage first, while his (presumably) unconsidered trifles have to take a back seat and wait!

The Sothern-Marlowe schedule, as now tentatively announced, apportions first representations of poetic plays new to the American stage as follows: Philadelphia, "Jeanne d'Arc" and Sudermann's "John the Baptist"; Chicago, D'Annunzio's "Daughter of Jorio"; Boston, "Sappho and Phaon"; New York, "Guenever." This "Guenever" is the work by which Mr. Boynton is represented, and, so far as we know, is the first of his writings to be acted in the theatre.

Henry Walcott Boynton is professor of English literature at the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and an associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is the author of a Life of Washington Irving, and, in a lighter vein, "The Golfer's Rubaiyat"; also an assiduous editor of the texts of Pope, Tennyson, and other classics. His recourse to the Arthurian legends for a dramatic theme may perhaps at first thought seem a bit bookish and academical. Yet the story of Guenevere and Launcelot, like that of Paolo and Francesca of Rimini, for which it furnished the motive, is one of those which finds undying echo in human hearts throughout the ages. Mr. Boynton's motto for "Guenever," from the Morte d'Arthur, is:

"While she lived she was a good lover, and therefore she had a good end."

This good end is told in these following lines, which afford a fair sample of the new American poet's verse, and should fall musically from Miss Marlowe's lips:

"This hour, and all hours of mine earthly life,
Are full of thee: I do but take this body,
This shrine where thou hast worshiped, this thy flesh,
That, vainly fair and sweet in this dim world,
I now make fast mine aim to put it by:
In some mild cloistered bound it shall be hid,
And of this world remember naught but thee."

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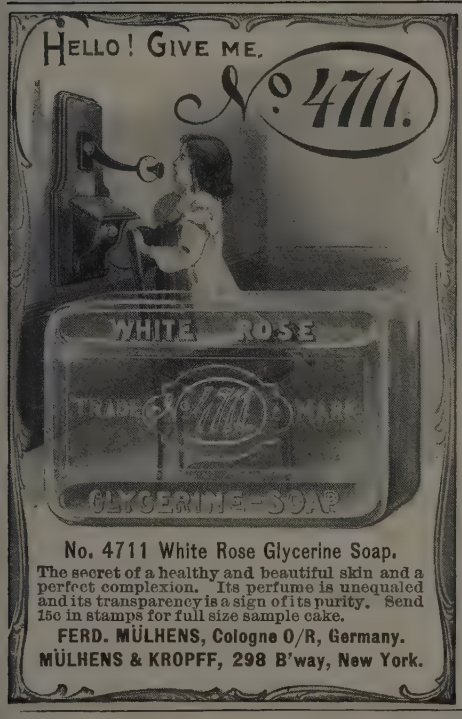

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How "Hamlet" Made Amends

A friend of Edwin Booth's—whom we will call Mr. Ray—once approached the actor at the Players' Club, where, as usual, he was surrounded by an admiring circle. Booth glanced up, saw who was about to address him, and, to Ray's profound amazement, deliberately and coolly turned his back.

Without comment or visible annoyance Ray quietly left the club, nor did he later ask an explanation. He knew there was some mistake, but left it to Booth's generous nature to discover and right the wrong. A few days later a friend said:

"Ray, how could you have done such a thing as play a practical joke, and upon Edwin Booth of all men?"

Here was Ray's chance. "I never played a practical joke in my life," he instantly replied. "Certainly I should not begin with Booth, and if that was the cause of his cutting me you may take him my denial in the strongest terms."

The friend did so, and Ray soon received a note from the tragedian, making no allusion to the incident at the club, but asking him to attend a certain representation of "Hamlet."

Ray went, and just before the play ended a messenger brought a line from Booth, asking him to join a few acquaintances behind the scenes.

When Ray entered Booth's dressing room he found assembled there every person who had been present at the club and had witnessed his discomfiture. An instant later Booth entered the room, magnificent in his semblance of the gloomy Dane, and advancing toward Ray, he held out his hand, crying in the words he had but now uttered upon the stage:

"Give me your pardon, sir. I've done you wrong,
But pardon it as you're a gentleman."

And that was Edwin Booth's apology.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The "Philosophy" of Ibsen

Ibsen is a big subject. The famous Norwegian plays well forth a library of controversial record. The philosophy of his plays is even more occult than are the plays considered from a non-philosophic viewpoint. But the many theatregoers who have always felt unduly perplexed with Ibsen's contentions will presumably approve the THEATRE MAGAZINE, which says:

"Ibsen had exactly the same sentiment that Hamlet had, in thinking that the world was all wrong. Did Ibsen suggest a remedy? No. He simply exercised a certain skill, and vented himself of a morbid hatred of existing things. Not bold enough to preach anarchy as a solution, he exerted his skill to demonstrate that society, as at present constituted, is anarchy. His plays lead us to believe that Norway or Scandinavia is one of the purlieus of hell. Ibsen loved the truth, but he revealed secrets, and he was more of a railer than a prophet."

Despite all of which, the position of Ibsen as a philosopher is still as indefinite as the rank of Browning among those noblemen called poets.—St. Paul, Minn., *Despatch.*

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Tragedies of the Rialto

(*Continued from page 300.*)

It is our girl's own turn next. She is about to unroll her music, when the pianist—a sympathetic chap at bottom, piano-playing machine as he is—sees she is nervous, and perhaps pities her. He tells her just to run the scale, unless she prefers to sing something she has with her.

Run the scale? With the big stage manager's inscrutable glasses fixed upon her, and the great, empty, black cavern of the auditorium hiding in its shadows she knows not how many cruel critics? But, here she is, and she must go through somehow. She has studied music thoroughly and she has a good voice. In her own Ohio town she has been a prima donna in many an amateur entertainment, and it was her success in those efforts and as principal soprano of the First Methodist Episcopal Church which induced her to come to Broadway to seek a position in an opera company. She does not expect a leading rôle at first. A leading rôle? Poor child! Her voice is to be tried now as a "substitute" for the chorus.

She runs the scale falteringly. Then something unusual happens. The stage manager steps a little nearer and commands, "Do it again, and try not to be nervous." Taking courage—as musicians often do when engaged in their beloved vocation—she sings much better the next time, and still better again. She makes a good impression. She is honored by the stage manager asking her for her name and address in New York, and telling her that perhaps she will hear from him later.

Will she ever hear from him? That is the question hammering through her bewildered little brain as she comes out to the fierce light of Broadway. The answer may not come for weeks. Perhaps never. She is tired, her head aches and she would like a cup of tea. A block or two away, on the other side, there is the crash of thick crockeryware, punctuated by querulous cries of "Draw one!" and "Fried eggs without!" in a quick lunch restaurant. In the absence of anything better, she will go there.

Somehow, she feels as if she were on show, with the rest. The well-tailored actors along the curb glance at her with friendly, but respectful, interest; Miss Montmorency smiles as she passes; a sun-browned ingenue trips from a street car, and seven actors' hats go up in the air; the laughter still comes from the windows of the chop house; a garish billboard boasts of the "unprecedented success" of a summer show invite one to the box office of a popular theatre; a comedian, whose new straw hat shames the fringe at the bottoms of his threadbare trousers, smokes a twenty-cent cigar although he has had no breakfast; fluffy summer girls, in cabs or automobiles, with sallow, cigar-smoking men by their side, charge up and down; the Broadway car bells jingle musically; the air is sweet, the sun shines—in a word, it is glorious Broadway on a bright day.

Our little country girl sighs. Already she has seen enough of it all to know that many of the laughing actors are out of employment; that the ingenue may be disheartened almost to the weeping point; that the breakfastless comedian is indebted to some chance acquaintance for the twenty-cent cigar; that the fluffy summer girls in the cabs and automobiles are not necessarily actresses; that Miss Montmorency may not be so light-hearted as she seems; that life generally is more or less sordid with all these apparently care-free young men and women.

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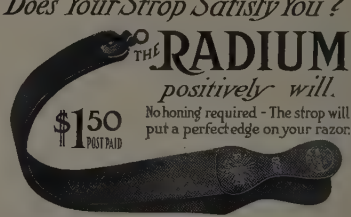

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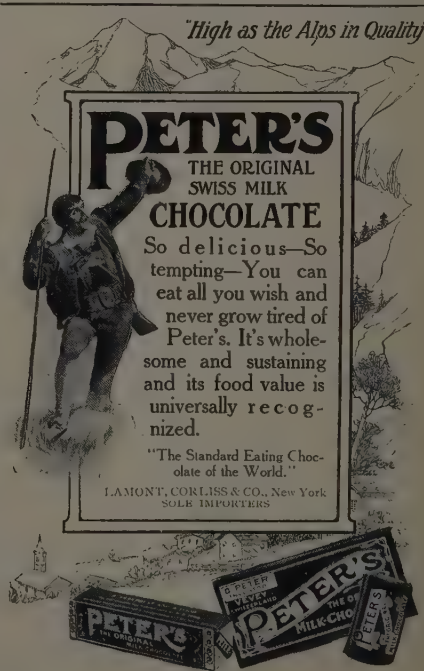

New Dramatic Books

FAMOUS ACTOR FAMILIES IN AMERICA. Illustrated. By Montrose J. Moses. T. Y. Crowell & Company, New York. 1906.

This book is not only interesting to read, but should also prove valuable for reference. After a brief introduction in which Mr. Moses compares the stage in America as it was in the days of the colonies, with its present condition, illustrating its development with some interesting anecdotes, he then takes up the history of ten well-known families of actors in America, the Booths, Jeffersons, Sotherns, Boucicaults, Hacketts, Drews and Barrymores, the Wallacks, Davenports, Hollands and the Powers, gives an interesting account of the chief members of these families, and other actors or actresses with whom they were allied by marriage. The author has evidently spared no pains to make his information comprehensive and reliable, in many cases he has been able to consult old family documents, and in addition to tracing the history of these ten families, he has presented a graphic picture of the stage, some of its traditions and customs and the changes which have occurred during the period covered by his work, which extends over nearly a century. Some of these chapters have already appeared in a slightly abbreviated form in this magazine. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits, some of them unique and unfamiliar. It should prove a welcome addition to the library of any one interested in stage folk and the stage, for Mr. Moses has written a readable as well as comprehensive work.

WHERE SHAKESPEARE SET HIS STAGE. By Elise Lathrop. Illustrated. James Pott & Company, New York.

Although countless volumes upon Shakespeare and his works have been published, this one deals with the great dramatist's works in quite a different fashion from anything hitherto written. It embodies no critical estimate of the dramas, but aims to present the scenes in which the twelve selected for mention were enacted, the various countries, their customs and people at the period of the action, the towns in which Shakespeare's heroes and heroines moved, and what vestiges of their surroundings still remain to be hunted out by the interested tourist. Thus the Verona of Juliet, Othello's Venice and Cyprus, Richard the Third's England, etc., are described, the numerous illustrations with which the book is supplied effectively seconding the text. Several of these chapters have already appeared in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, but the remainder are original. Miss Lathrop is a writer with a style entirely her own. She has herself visited most of the countries and cities she describes, so the book must be regarded as something more than literary hack-work. The author has succeeded admirably in transferring to the printed page her own impressions of the plays and characters and her descriptions of the localities are both instructive and entertaining. The book is of the greatest value to the young Shakespearian student seeking to familiarize himself with the scenes in which the great dramas were laid.

Books Received

"Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." By Bram Stoker. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Molière." A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield Taylor. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

"A Game at Love and Other Plays," by George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Brentano's.

"Misrepresentative Women." By Harry Graham. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

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The Music Season Opens

(Continued from page 290.)

Maria" respectfully dedicated to the Pope. The majority of the sympathies went out to President Roosevelt; and if there are many more marches forthcoming like this one of Leoncavallo's then he had better institute a music reform bureau next door to the one in which he advocates the dropping of letters in words. This work—to return to "Viva l'America"—is made up of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" put together in a combination that results in being neither "Yankee Doodle" nor "Dixie" nor much of anything else that is beautiful or virtuous. "His Holiness, Pope Pius X.," came off rather better with an Ave Maria that is popularly pleasing with long-breathed melody and little inspiration.

The company of singers surrounding or flanking the Leoncavallo tour may be curtly dismissed as being reasonably unremarkable. That applies to all save the tenor. This gentleman had a sobbing voice combined with a bleating voice production that lifted him directly into the high light of wonderful regions. The audience did not accompany him, but remained below, and gasped. Some sympathy went out to a crush opera hat which he carried and crushed in the heat of his vocal emotions. He was of the vocal type that is, so happily, rare in this country, otherwise the country would singe and parch with emotion. Let his name be forgotten, for surely his voice never can be dropped from memory.

Leoncavallo seems actually to have proven himself a musician who wrote himself out in a single opera. "Pagliacci" has had success enough, however, to repay almost any one man; but it was an error to bring its composer to this country, exhibit his deficiencies and emphasizing them by giving many of his other compositions inadequate performance. But to the managerial mind there appears to be no moral. Otherwise a certain manager would have derived profit from the failure of Mascagni in this country a few years ago, and he would have applied this experience of education to Leoncavallo's case. But that was not to be; and, upon his return to Italy, it is very likely that Mascagni and Leoncavallo will weep on each other's shoulders in silent, musical sympathy.

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Sidney Drew's Calendar

Raphael Tuck, the well-known art publisher, has issued for 1907 a calendar diary, which has been specially prepared for them by Sidney Drew. The actor has written an appropriate line or epigram for every day in the year. Some of his brightest sayings follow herewith:

"If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, what is it worth in a restaurant?"

"You will always find the naked truth in an art gallery."

"The only thing a man really has up his sleeve is his arm."

"The best policy you can take out, is an endowment one on honesty."

"You can't eat Marconi, but you can use its stock."

"Johnnie on the spot."

"If you're not politic, you won't have any tick at all."

"Lots of people have a remnant of morals, but not enough to make a vest."

"Sitting Bull was the only trained one I ever heard of."

"It's better to be a bull in a bucket shop, than a bear in a pit."

"Pleasure ceases to exist when physical discomfort commences."

"Envy is blind, but never dumb."

"The greatest anomaly of nature is that you may have a rising son, but you cannot have a setting one."

"Twins never come singly."

"If you look too long in the glass, you'll see yourself as others see you."

"If you burn your bridges after you, there is no turning back."

"Better to cast a man into Standard Oil than to brand him with Steel."

"A red and green light in a drug store will sometimes confuse a sailor."

"If your first boy says 'papa' before he says 'mamma,' you know that it's a boy."

"The difference between light and shade is found at the root."

"Start all children in life in the way they should go—bring them up on the bottle."

Plays and Preaching

Plays, we are told by some writers, are the sermons of the present day, and dramatists have more eager and attentive audiences than those who make a profession of preaching. If this theory be true, it perhaps explains why so many plays are intolerably dull. Preaching, we urge, may be a very good thing in its time and place, but it should be confined to the pulpit, or at least kept out of artistic work. That plays should introduce us to a healthy moral atmosphere is highly desirable; that they should force little moral commonplaces down our throats would be as bad in an artistic as in a moral sense.—*Tageblatt.*

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The Current Plays

(*Continued from page 287.*)

ing. The story is simple enough: The daughter of a man of rank has taken a position as nurse, being of an independent mind. She has under her immediate charge a young man who is threatened with blindness. With the bandage over his eyes he thinks his attendant is old and ugly and does not like her at all; he is unprepared for the lovely girl whom he sees as the first object when the bandage is removed. He is a radical in politics, she an aristocrat by birth. She conceals her identity. She goes so far as to permit him to believe that she is employed in a fried fish emporium. She assumes the apron of the cook when she happens to be overtaken there by the young man. His father, when he hears him declare that he intends to marry her if he can, offers her, for life, twice her present income, and signs a paper to effect it, taking it as a joke when she says that she has a yearly income of forty thousand pounds. A misunderstanding arises between the lovers, separating them only to permit a happy solution in the next, the last act. With this very slight complication of plot there is an evolution of incidents cleverly handled. The boy in the uniform of buttons at the hospital is also in love with the nurse. Comedy is had from that relation. The father of the young man, suspicious and irascible and always in the wrong, furnishes comedy. The part is played by Reuben Fax capitally. Miss Ada Dwyer, as Biddy O'Mulligan, a character part of course, does her share in the happenings. The play lacks definiteness of fact and motive occasionally, and is at times sketchy and irregular, but in its happy treatment of incident it has a rare touch.

KNICKERBOCKER. "The Red Mill." Musical play in two acts by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Produced Sept. 24 with this cast:

"Con" Kidder, Fred A. Stone; "Kid" Conner, David Montgomery; Jan Van Borkem, Edward Begley; Franz, Charles Dox; Willem, David L. Don; Captain Van Damm, Jos. M. Ratliff; Governor of Zeeland, Neal McCay; Joshua Pennefeather, Claude Cooper; Gretchen, Augusta Greenleaf; Bertha, Aline Crater; Tina, Ethel Johnson; Countess de la Tere, Juliette Dika; Flora, Constance Eastman; Dora, Kitty Howland; Lena, Paula Desmond; Anna, Cleo Sweninger; Phyllis, Estelle Baldwin; Madge, Sadie Probst.

There is little use arguing against cold facts. When a piece draws patrons in such numbers that the theatre cannot accommodate the crowds, and the tickets, cornered by greedy speculators, are disposed of like hot-cakes at exorbitant prices on the curb outside, there must be something in the piece in question that pleases. No doubt, however, there are several reasons, apart from whatever merit it may possess, to account for the astonishing vogue of "The Red Mill," which its best friends will probably concede is no better than many other musical pieces of its kind that have not met with half as cordial a reception. To begin with, its music is by the tuneful and popular Victor Herbert; secondly, the book is by the author of "Mlle. Modiste," and thirdly, its principal performers are two eccentric comedians who won fame in "The Wizard of Oz," respectively, as the Scarecrow and the Tinman, and there was naturally much curiosity in the public mind to see what these artists looked like "without their paint on." In addition to all this, there is in the cast a comely little girl named Ethel Johnson who, with her charming dancing and vivacious manner, is a host in herself. Otherwise, one has to use a magnifying glass to discover anything out of the way in "The Red Mill." As usual in such pieces, there is only an apology for a plot. Two American tourists (Stone and Montgomery) become stranded in Holland and are compelled to work out their indebtedness to an innkeeper by serving, one as an interpreter, the other as waiter. Incidentally they save the burgomaster's daughter from a distasteful marriage. The girl is locked up in the red mill and the Americans rescue her by performing an acrobatic stunt on the wings of the mill, a situation reminiscent of a similar one in "The Heart of Maryland." The audience howls at the antics of the stars, particularly at Stone, who seems the favorite, yet after all it is a very obvious kind of stage humor, consisting for the most part of bodily contortions à la Scarecrow, and performing somersaults. Stone's comedy in the interpreting scene with the French girl is very forced, and to nine-tenths of the audience, not understanding the language, the humor of his replies to the French woman's speeches must have been entirely lost. The book as a whole is far inferior to Mr. Blossom's previous work. It cannot be compared for a moment with "Mlle. Modiste." Victor Herbert has written a very graceful score, and the management has costumed the piece artistically. Noth-

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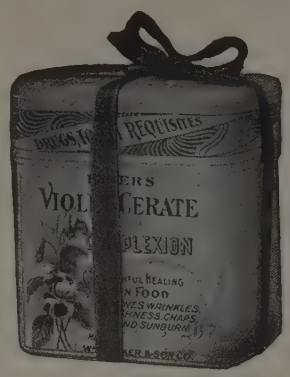

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ing prettier than the Dutch costumes in the delft blue-room in the last act has ever been seen on our stage.

HACKETT THEATRE. "MAN AND HIS ANGEL." A play by Stanley Dark. Produced Sept. 18 with this cast:

Paul Stepniak, Alexander Frank; Emile Flandreau, Charles Hayne; Jules de Bonneville, Arthur R. Lawrence; Hon. Cecil Stanforth, Frank Gillmore; Lady Kitty Chesley, Ruth Benson; Lord Arthur Datton, Fred Tyler; Sonia Stepniak, Frances Ring; David Tryne, Holbrook Blinn; Footman at Lady Kitty's, James Watson; Hilda Malot, Mabel Crawley; Keith Forster, Norman Tharp; Mrs. Brandon Gallus, Alice Butler; Carter, Charles Martin.

However trite or even trivial an idea, the true playwright, sincere and resourceful, can make a play out of it, a play that will entertain if it does not impress. It will at least serve the purposes of the moment. On the other hand, a man of only half a modicum of skill and little or none of sincerity will reduce substance to nothing. In "Man and His Angel" the idea of the play was very prominent in the bills, but hardly existent, in any dramatic use, in the play itself. A quotation from Tennyson gives the text: "If there be a devil in a man, there is an angel, too." The devil makes a man whom a girl befriends fall in love with her and then, in order to prevent her marriage with an entirely worthy suitor, makes him lie to that man to the effect that the girl's mother was not married to her father. The angel in him no doubt after considerable argument (off stage) with him to retract his statement and let the ceremony proceed. In this way, the whole thing is about nothing. There is nothing more futile in the drama than this kind of acted story. Here is a bit of wanton cruelty that raises no dramatic issue, excites no hope and arouses no expectation about which there may be doubt. How could such an experienced actor as Mr. Holbrook Blinn believe that he could impart sympathetic distinction to the character of the devil-angel? Where is the action in it? His scheme could not have brought the girl to his arms. The substitution of a letter written by the father and placed in an old book is too feeble and clumsy a device for this day. There are not enough turns in the plot for a prologue and three acts. With the lack of sustained interest a good scene here and there is exasperating rather than exhilarating. The stage management, acting and scenery, all good enough in themselves, amount to nothing in a bad play. Miss Frances Ring was agreeable personally in a disagreeable part. The futile actor-made play was quickly withdrawn.

ASTOR. "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." By William Shakespeare. Produced Sept. 21 with this cast:

Theseus, Edwin Mordaunt; Egeus, Atkins Lawrence; Lysander, Oswald Yorke; Demetrius, Lionel Adams; Philostrate, Edward Longman; Quince, Thomas Coffin Cooke; Snug, William Gilmore; Bottom, John Bunny; Flute, Richard Lee; Snout, Wilmer Dame; Starvling, Hubert Osborne; Hyppolyta, Lovell Taylor; Hermia, Catherine Proctor; Helena, Lansing Rowan; Oberon, James Young; Titania, Ina Brooks; Pease Blossom, Bessie Shrednecky; Cobweb, Leon Straus; Moth, Vinnie Burns; Mustardseed, William Brown; Indian Boy, Bertram Straus; 1st Singing Fairy, Belle Fairchild; 2d Singing Fairy, Jennie Urwin; 3d Singing Fairy, Elizabeth Doddridge; Dancing Fairy, Dortea DeVeney; Puck, Annie Russell.

The new Astor Theatre has offered us a Temple-edition version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," dainty, respectful of the text and gilt-edged. The resources of the modern stage, rendering possible wonderful scenic effects, go far toward fostering the illusions with which we are wont to associate this play of aerial fancy and broad comic reliefs. But with all the glowing electric flowers, the wonderful flying fairies, and the wilderness of greenery and shrub, there is an admixture of incongruous elements that even the varied themes in the play itself do not excuse. One is filled with a sense of confusion and bewilderment and no one, not thoroughly familiar with the text, could evolve a plot out of the tangle of scenes and scenery. One lovely picture follows another and there is a harmony of color and sound, creating an atmosphere of poetic verity that is well-sustained and potent in effect. After Master Puck's gentle appeal that we "do not reprehend," perhaps the play should "'scape the serpent's tongue," but modernity has fastened critical spectacles on modern noses and we see through all the exquisite imagery, the external beauty and the extravagant comedy, a lack of the spirit that is in the Avon bard's written word.

The cast is in the hands of fairly capable interpreters, yet only two figures stand out pre-eminent in ability and execution. Of Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of mischief and yet friendliness, Annie Russell has created a character of rare appeal. Merry, full of sprightly roguery, Puck is portrayed an imp of very contagious spirits. He romps and hops and laughs himself straight into our hearts, and stays there. In a rôle utterly diverse from those usually associated with her Miss Russell has once more shown her versatility and great personal charm. John Bunny as

Bottom the weaver also scored a hit. Admirably suited to the part physically, he succeeded in getting real humor out of it, and kept the house in a roar, although at times he overstepped art in his efforts to be funny.

WEBER'S. "JOHN HUDSON'S WIFE." Play by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolphe de Cordova. Produced Oct. 1 with the following cast:

Col. the Hon. Francis Beauchamp, Wm. F. Hawtrey; Francis, his son, Lionel Walsh; Earl Seaton, Prime Minister of England, Charles Rowan; Arthur Staveley, Frederic Lane; Howard Spencer, John Westley; John Hudson, Jr., Herbert Percy; John Hudson, Sr., Henry Hanscombe; Smythe and Robertson, Fred. C. Patterson; Gilmer, Walter Russell; Lady Clara Beauchamp, Leila Repton; Miss Beauchamp, Cora Dean; Mrs. John Hudson, Sr., Edna Bern; Janet, Florence Howard; and Honor, Hilda Spong.

The theme of this drama has been used by dramatists and novelists innumerable. It is the old, familiar one of the well-born, penniless English girl who marries the self-made millionaire for the sake of, in this case, her mother, whose life is made a burden to her by the selfishness and extravagance of her utterly good-for-nothing husband and son. Of course the girl, Honor, does not love John Hudson, and equally of course she loves him in the second act, a year after their marriage, but despite the trite theme, the authors have written a good play. The characters are well drawn and consistent, they impress one as being real people, not puppets, and the dialogue is spontaneous. Miss Spong was charming and natural, Mr. Hawtrey gave an admirable impersonation of the colonel, and was amusing without being unpleasant in the drunken scene. Herbert Percy was quiet and convincing as the husband, and the entire cast was competent.

WALLACK'S. "POPULARITY." Comedy in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced Oct. 1 with this cast:

Robert Rand, Thomas W. Ross; James Fuller, Frederic de Belleville; David Burnside, John Jack; Donald Burnside, Edgar Selwyn; Stage Manager and Daly, Marcus Moriarty; Burke and Regan, Tim Cronin; Franklin Fielding, William Keough; Jonesy, Lores Grimm; Joseph Wilson, Howard Stevens; Tanaka, Sacharo Oida; Marion Vanderveer, Florence Rockwell; Gertrude Fuller, Adelaide Manola; Mrs. Fuller, Harriet Ross; Adrienne, Edythe Moyer.

That versatile gentleman, George M. Cohan, known to the Broadway bounder as the "Yankee comedian," has found time amid his multitudinous duties to dash off a play for a fellow actor who has won histrionic fame in almost identical lines of work, and this dramatic effort was presented on the historic boards of Wallack's by an excellent cast, including, in addition to the star, Thomas W. Ross, such well-known players as Frederic de Belleville and Florence Rockwell. As a first attempt at legitimate drama "Popularity" has considerable merit, although it is doubtful if it possesses the qualities that appeal to the Cohan-Ross public. There are many crudities in the construction, no little vulgarity in the dialogue, and a general impression of slipshodness throughout. The plot, starting in rather original lines, soon became conventional and hackneyed. One Robert Rand, an actor and matinée idol, is in love with Gertrude Fuller, only child of a New York millionaire, and is beloved by her. Donald Burnside, a former suitor, in order to prevent the marriage, throws the discredit of his own shame to the actor's account. The woman's own confession sets matters to rights and the play ends happily for all concerned. The lines have the usual swing of Mr. Cohan's "shows," and the settings, especially that of Act II., "behind the scenes," are good. Mr. Ross made an attractive matinée idol, and the rôle of the villain was well sustained by Edgar Selwyn. Frederic de Belleville was capital as the millionaire father.

LYRIC. "THE LOVE LETTER." Adapted by Ferdinand Gottschalk from the French of Victorien Sardou. Produced Oct. 9, with this cast:

Florence Revillon, Virginia Harned; Casimir Revillon, William Courtenay; Theodore Potard, Albert Gran; Phillippe Jobelin, W. J. Ferguson; Oliver Loysel, Percy Lyndal; Oscar Mirival, Sydney Stirling; Monsieur Gaston, Charles Quinn; Fabien, Charles Colvens; Concierge, Raymond Gager; Julien, Maxfield Moree; Waiter, William Goodwin; Gilberte Loysel, Eleanor Moretti; Louise Mirival, Mary Stockwell; Mme. Bourgoin, Lillian Paige; Adeline, Mary Cecil.

In "Les Pattes de Mouche" Sardou based his comedy upon a compromising love letter, whose accidental discovery led to all sorts of complications. He has done the same in this, his latest play, and one also realizes that the situations and dialogue of the original have been carefully toned down and adjusted by the adapter to suit American taste, with the result that much of the wit, if also the *risqué* quality of the original is lost. Florence, after obtaining a divorce from her first husband, Jobelin, is happily married to Revillon, when the love letter is found in her

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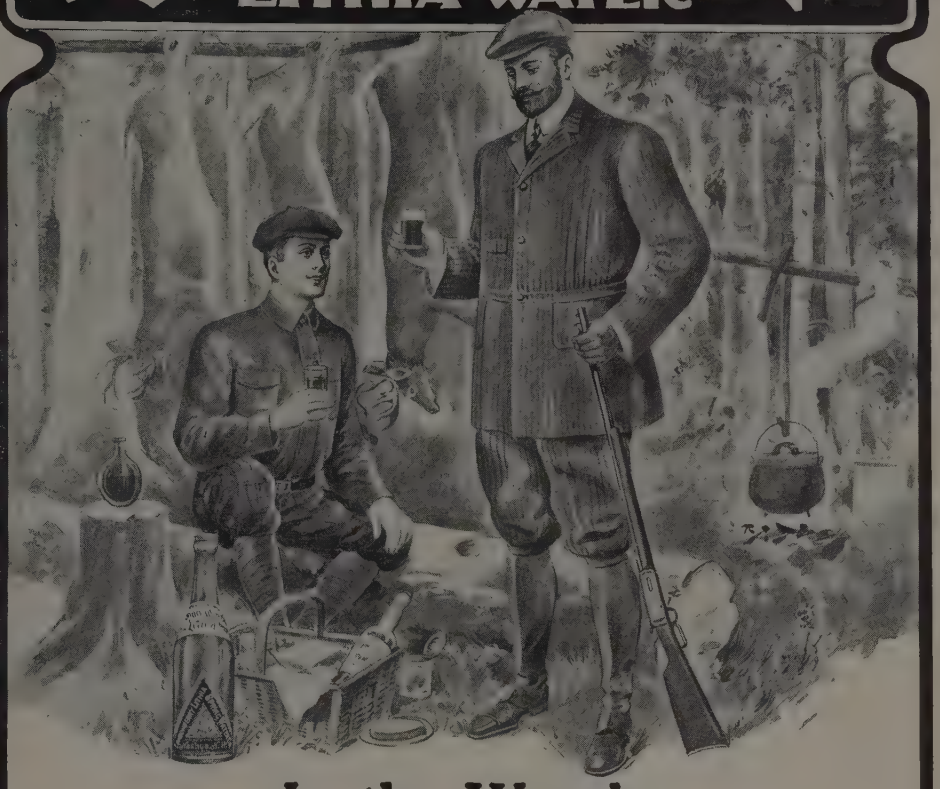

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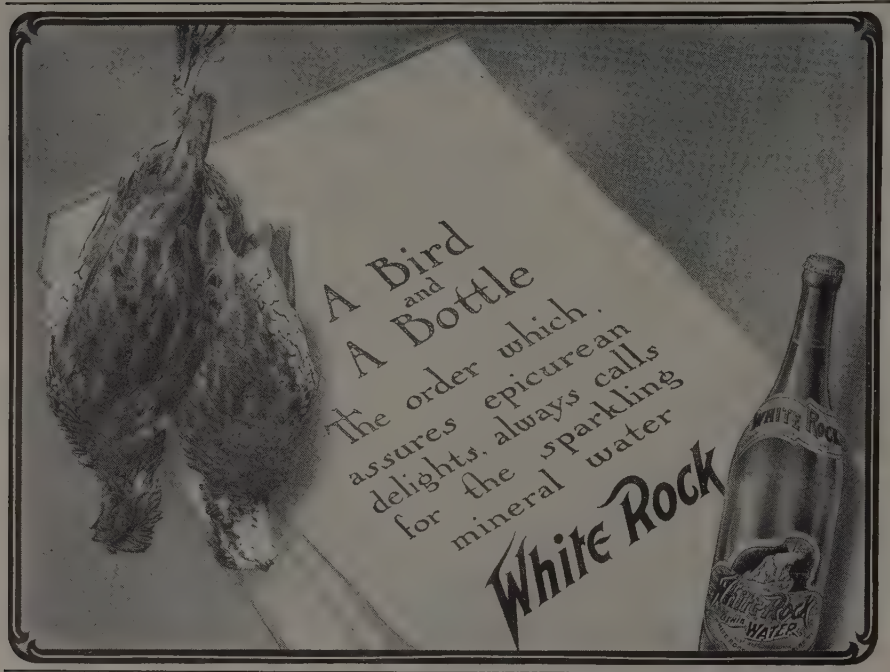

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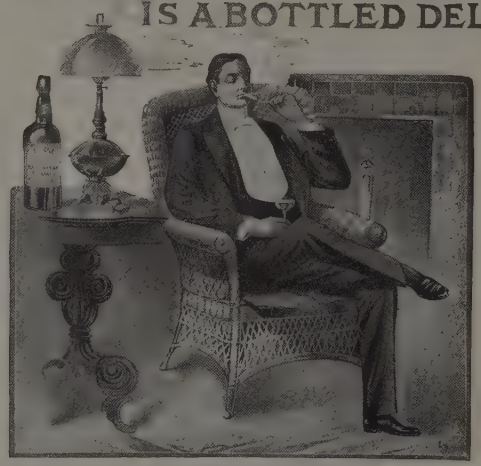

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desk. To convince husband No. 2 that the "flirtation" indicated by this unsigned, undated epistle occurred during her first husband's time, hence should be of little consequence to the successor, is the aim of the three acts. There are some amusing situations, but the third act drags, and too evidently for the sake of the ending, Revillon finally allows himself to be convinced by a passing remark of Mme. Mirival, who is dragged on the scene for this purpose. Miss Harned's light comedy touch, and the excellent acting of W. J. Ferguson, whose facial expression alone would have made his scenes diverting, served to amuse the audience, which the play in less capable hands could hardly have done. Eleanor Moretti and Albert Gran also did justice to the rôles allotted them.

CASINO. "My Lady's Maid." Musical play in two acts; book by Paul Rubens and N. Newnham Davis, revised by Edward Paulton and R. H. Burnside; music by Paúl Rubens, lyrics by Paul Rubens and Percy Greenbank. Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

Colonel Layton, Joseph Maylon; Major Blatherswaite, Claude Fleming; Lieutenant Somerset, John Dudley; Captain Harrington, Frank Rushworth; Bill Stratford, R. E. Graham; Posh Jenkins, Walter E. Perkins; Count Manuelo de Colonna, Henry Bergman; Guiseppe, George R. Stevens; Lord Framlingham, Charles W. Dungan; Corporal Ham, George Carroll; Palmer, Nicholas Burnham; Old Huntsman, Prince Miller; Oroya Brown, Joseph Coyne; Gwennie Holden, Delia Mason; Susan, Elsa Ryan; Mrs. Layton, Edith Blair; Lady Betty Framlingham, Madge Crichton.

This piece was originally done in London under the title of "Lady Madcap," and some attempt has been made to revamp it for the American market. It remains, however, very heavy, very British, with leaden humor, a clogged action and a conventional plot. Betty, daughter of Lord Framlingham, invites a lot of soldiers to a garden party, sends her father to London on a wild goose chase and disguises herself as her own maid, so as to meet Trooper Smith, whom she loves. The latter, of course, turns out to be a millionaire, and everything ends as it should in a self-respecting stage romance. Maude Crichton, a most attractive little body, was wholly delightful as Lady Betty. She has not much voice, but she sang several capital songs with a charm distinctly her own. Joseph Coyne managed to extract a good deal of fun out of the rôle of Trooper Smith, and Elsa Ryan made a pleasing Susan.

SAVOY. "Barbara's Millions." Comedy in 4 acts, adapted from the French by Paul M. Potter. Produced Oct. 8 with this cast:

Barbara, Lillian Russell; George, H. Reeves Smith; Rene de Folleville, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Ernest, G. Harrison Hunter; Fernande, Cathrine Countiss; Mrs. Chivery Tucker, Mattie Ferguson; Blanche De Ferieux, Irene Perry; Lesage, Walter Craven; Jean, Ernest Elton; Arline, Rosalie de Vaux.

This re-hash from the French was so inexpressibly bad that it would be cruel to review it in detail. It was an example of literary potboiling at its worst, and general sympathy was felt for Miss Lillian Russell, Mr. Gottschalk and the other capable players whose beauty and talents were wasted upon it.

Yvette Guilbert's New Play

Yvette Guilbert, the French *diseuse*, and Albert Chevalier, the cockney impersonator, who are now appearing in joint recitals will, on the completion of their present tour, be seen together in a new play by Paul Hervieu called "Les Autres Jours" (Other Days). The play deals with a couple who have been married for fifty-five years. They are celebrating their wedding anniversary, when the wife asks her husband if he remembers the incidents of their courtship and marriage. He does so with an effort, and then they proceed to rehearse the old scenes over again.

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For the convenience of persons desiring to secure some of the issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1906 we give herewith a partial list of the contents of these numbers.

JANUARY

The colored cover:
MARGARET ANGLIN as Zira.
Portraits of William Gillette, Sarah Bernhardt, Henrietta Crosman, Olga Nethersole, Ethel and John Barrymore, Ruth Vincent, Grace George, Emma Eames, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Toast of the Town," "Girl of the Golden West," "The Lion and the Mouse," etc.
Articles: "A Visit to Maurice Maeterlinck," "Interview with Grace George," "Why I Wrote the Clansman," "Shakespeare Forgeries."

FEBRUARY

The colored cover:
MAUDE ADAMS as Peter Pan.
Portraits of E. S. Willard, Fritzi Scheff, Yvette Guilbert, Lionel Barrymore, Ida Conquest, Van Roy, David Bispham, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Julie Bonbon," "Mlle. Modiste," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," etc., etc.
Articles: "Mr. Coquelin's House of Comedians near Paris," "My Beginnings," by David Warfield; "The Palatial New Home of the Lambs' Club," "Henry Irving's Treasures."

MARCH

The colored cover:
CLARA LIPMAN as Julie Bonbon.
Portraits of Theodore Roberts, Ellis Jeffreys, Frank Worthing, Robert Loraine, Dallas Welford, Kitty Gordon, Carrie Reynolds, Bessie Abbott, Isabel Irving, Caruso, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Mr. Hopkinson," "The Duel," "The Little Gray Lady," etc.
Articles: "The Centenary of Edwin Forrest," "Interview with Robert Loraine," "Ludwig Fulda," "Stage History of Famous Plays," "Camille."

APRIL

The colored cover:
ROBERT LORAINE as King Edward.
Portraits of Francis Wilson, Lawrence D'Orsay, Bronson Howard, Sarah Truax, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, etc.
Scenes from "The Embassy Ball," "Brown of Harvard," etc., etc.
Articles: "An Interview with Eleanor Duse," "How Vaudeville Sketches Are Written," "Bronson Howard, Dean of American Dramatists," "My Beginnings," by Viola Allen; "Henry De Vries and His Art."

MAY

The colored cover:
FRITZI SCHEFF in Mlle. Modiste.
Portraits of Otis Skinner, Florence Roberts, Blanche Bates, N. C. Goodwin, Ethel Barrymore, J. E. Dodson, Grace George, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Abraham Lincoln," "The Prince of India," "The Social Whirl."
Articles: "How Sardou Writes His Plays," "Where Shakespeare Set His Stage, Julius Cæsar," "Interview with Fritzi Scheff," "The Historic Weimar Theatre," "My Beginnings," by Otis Skinner.

JUNE

The colored cover:
SARAH BERNHARDT as the Sorceress.
Portraits of Eleanor Robson, Mrs. Fiske, Amelia Bingham, Wm. J. Kelly, Florence Roberts, Annie Irish, Maude Adams, etc.
Scenes from "The Free Lance," "The Mountain Climber," "The Social Whirl," etc.
Articles: "Frank Mayo, Man and Artist," "Interview with Florence Roberts," "A Chat with Charles Klein, Author of 'The Lion and the Mouse'."

JULY

The colored cover:
RICHARD MANSFIELD as Beau Brummel.
Portraits of Louis James, Frances Starr, Mary Van Buren, Henry Woodruff, Florence Rockwell, Ruth St. Denis, etc.
Scenes from "The Stolen Story," "The Embarrassment of Riches," "'Agammemnon' at Harvard."
Articles: "The Marionette Shows of Little Italy," "Henrik Ibsen, His Plays and His Philosophy," "My Beginnings," by Robert Edeson.

AUGUST

The colored cover:
ETHEL BARRYMORE.
Portraits of Robert Mantell, Beerbohm Tree, Lena Ashwell, Mr. Irving, Marion Terry, Tyrone Power, Henry Dixey, Orrin Johnson, Effie Shannon, Margaret Anglin, Edna May.
Scenes from "The Shulamite," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tourists," etc.
Articles: "The New Theatre and Some Old Ones," "Some Actors I Have Known," "The Problem of the Playwright," "Interview with Mr. Crane."

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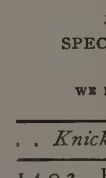

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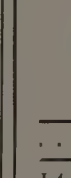

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M. L., Philadelphia.—Q.—Where can I obtain a photograph of John Ince, late of the Forepaugh Stock Company of Philadelphia? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York City. Q.—Have you published a picture of him? A.—We have not.

A. M.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Adelaide Keim, who played with Chauncey Olcott? A.—In the December, 1903, October, 1904, and July, 1905, numbers, copies of which may be had at this office for $1.00, 75 cents and 35 cents, respectively; also September, 1906, issue.

A Devoted Reader.—Q.—Have you published an interview with or article on the following persons, if so when and what would be the cost of a copy of the magazine? Maude Adams? A.—September, 1903, price 1.00. Ethel Barrymore? A.—November, 1902, price 1.50. Maxine Elliot? A.—November, 1903, price $1.00.

H. E. F., Jr., New York.—For information concerning Elsie Janis consult the article: "Elsie Janis, the Inimitable Child," by Henry Tyrrell, which appeared in the August, 1905, number. For photos write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York City.

D. W., Brooklyn.—Q.—Where can I obtain an autographed picture of Melville Ellis? A.—For a photo write to Meyer Bros. & Company, 26 West 33d street, New York City. To have it autographed it would be necessary to send it, with stamps enclosed for its return, to Mr. Ellis, when he might consent to autograph it. Q.—Have you published any pictures of him? A.—Only in connection with scenes from plays. Q.—Shall you interview him? A.—Probably not at present.

L. A.—Q.—Will you have Miss Marlowe in the series, "My Beginnings"? A.—We may. An interview with her appeared in the December, 1903, number of this magazine.

J. G. L., Norfolk, Va.—Q.—Is it possible for a person with no stage experience to secure a small rôle in a play? A.—Possible, but very difficult, unless in a cheap road company. Q.—What is the best way to secure an engagement? A.—Through dramatic agencies or by trying to see managers. Q.—What do small parts usually pay? A.—Sometimes expenses only, from that up to possibly $30.00, depending entirely upon circumstances. Sometimes one must even pay for the engagement.

K. F. G.—Q.—Where can I secure large and small photos of Mr. Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard"? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York City. Q.—Have you ever had an interview with him, if so in which number, and what is the price of same? A.—We have had no interview. A photo with brief sketch appeared in the July number, price 25 cents.

H. S., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Who controls the acting rights for amateurs in America of G. B. Shaw's plays, or how could I find this out? A.—Write to Brentano, publishers, Union Square, this city.

A. F. S.—For dramatic schools in Brooklyn and elsewhere, consult advertising columns. No addresses furnished.

J. J. R., Philadelphia.—Q.—What is the price of your January, 1906, number? A.—25 cents. Q.—Is Sarah Bernhardt still playing? A.—Not at present date.

M. M. S.—Q.—Have you interviewed Dustin Farnum? A.—See the present issue. Q.—In what numbers have pictures appeared? A.—Dustin Farnum, June, 1904; March and September, 1905. Of Henry Woodruff in May and December, 1902; January, 1903; May, 1905; July, 1906.

G. G., Atlantic City.—It is not necessary to obtain the consent of prominent actors and actresses to impersonate them.

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Dramatic Student, Chicago.—To learn the name of the one-act play in which Robert Edeson appeared at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, several years ago, consult the manager of that theatre, or write to Mr. Edeson himself. As you cannot give the name we can hardly help you.

H. M., Waco, Tex.—Q.—Where can I get a copy of Chauncey Olcott's vehicle "Edmund Burke"? A.—As we understand it is not published, you probably cannot get it. Write to Mr. Olcott. Q.—Of the play "Abraham Lincoln"? A.—The same is true in this case. Write to the author.

L. L. C., New York.—Q.—Is the Edith Decker who appeared with Elsie Janis in "The Vanderbilt Cup" the same who played with Nat Wills in "The Duke of Duluth"? A.—She is. Q.—Would a letter addressed to "The Vanderbilt Cup" Company reach her? A.—It would. As stated above, we do not give addresses, but it may be well to state for the benefit of all readers that letters addressed to the members of a company en route will reach their destinations. For route see theatrical weeklies.

M. R. D., Chicago, Ill. Q. What did H. B. Warner play in before he joined Eleanor Robson's company? A.—Mr. Warner was a very well-known English actor and appeared in a number of plays in England. Q.—What book of Jerome K. Jerome's did "Susan in Search of a Husband" come from? A.—To the best of our knowledge the Jerome play was not based on any story by Jerome. The play as presented by Miss Robson, however, is a version by Eugene Presbrey of the original play.

T. S. R.—Has "The Lion and the Mouse" appeared yet in novel form? A.—Yes. It was published in New York two months ago. You can get it or order it at any bookseller's.

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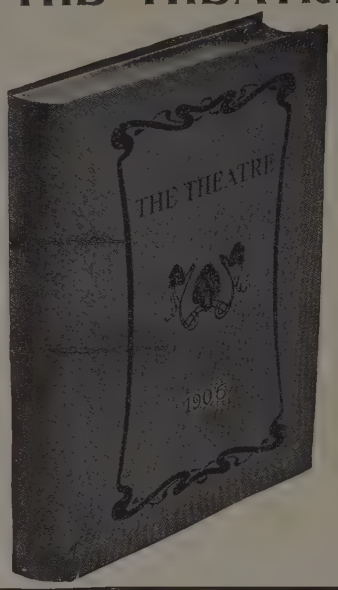

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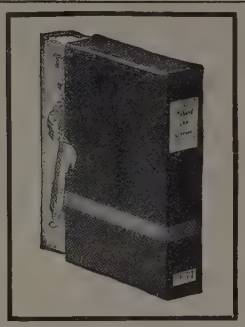

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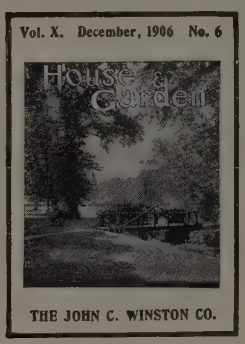

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Mr. Pinero Protests

New York, Oct. 9, 1906.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In your September issue one of your contributors in an article on Arthur W. Pinero, the author of "His House in Order," allowed himself, no doubt unconsciously, to be betrayed into making some observations on the author, which placed him in a position wholly contrary to his convictions. Mr. Pinero, writing to me on the subject of his play's success in this city, has this to say about your correspondent's allusions—and I trust you may find space to print it. He says:

"But I was sorry, while glancing at one of them (THE THEATRE) to notice that an interviewing gentleman, whom I saw for a few minutes in the summer, has put into my mouth some remarks disparaging to the press, and to dramatic criticism. The writer has drawn upon his imagination.

"It is a poor and contemptible thing, in my opinion, for a man who earns his living by writing for the theatre to the best of his ability, to abuse publicly and generally, and to do what he can to hamper those who, in their own department, also write for the theatre, to the best of *their* ability; and I hope I am incapable of such a proceeding.

"I think there is a great deal too much fretting and fuming about criticism on the part of those who work for the stage; and—though ready on occasion to resent unfair attack—I am not one to join in it.

"Your always truly,
"ARTHUR W. PINERO."

The interview in question contained a paragraph in which Mr. Pinero was made to express contempt for dramatic criticism.

Yours very truly,
DANIEL FROHMAN.

The "Interviewing Gentleman" Replies

Cleveland, O., Oct. 12, 1906.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I am not all surprised that Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero should be "sorry" that the "interviewing gentleman" from America quoted him practically verbatim in response to the question relating to dramatic criticism and dramatic critics. Other dramatists who have freely aired their opinions upon the same topic, have been similarly "sorry" when they saw their words in cold print and realized the absurdity and futility of berating the efforts of the newspaper critics of the drama.

Mr. Pinero says that I have put into his mouth "some remarks disparaging to the press and to dramatic criticism." I accept this responsibility if Mr. Pinero will admit this in its literal, rather than its figurative meaning. The words were in his mouth and they came out—forcefully too—but the modesty of an "interviewing gentleman" would not permit me to believe that I had actually "put" words into the mouth of England's great playwright.

As a matter of fact, now apparently necessary, but omitted heretofore, Mr. Pinero said more abusive things of dramatic critics than I have quoted. I repeat that he said there was only one dramatic critic in England who knew as much about the drama as he (Pinero) knew; and with further remarks of the same tenor, he bounded from a chair in the library of his London home, gesticulated, paced the floor, and finally conveyed in more certain ways than words that I have not fully conveyed his sentiment, and that I have not misquoted his actual words on this topic of our conversation.

Let me further add that Mr. Pinero was fully aware of the object of my visit to him. He knew that he was "talking for publication," consequently no confidences have been betrayed.

Yours very respectfully,
ARCHIE BELL.

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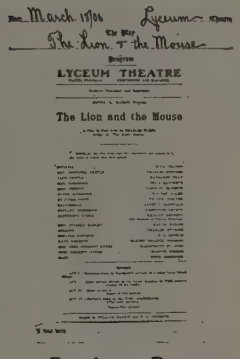
March 1st Lyceum
The Lion & the Mouse
LYCEUM THEATRE
The Lion and the Mouse

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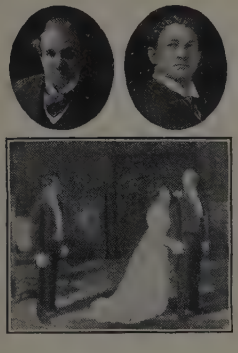

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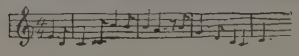

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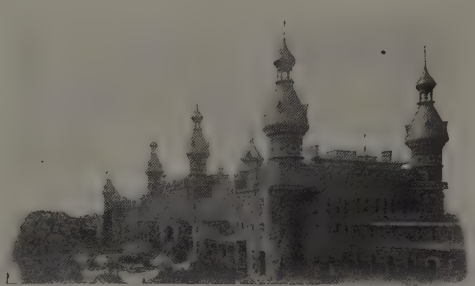

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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Albany's theatrical season this year, because of the peculiar local situation, has not been very brilliant, so far. The last week of September brought an indifferent performance of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," a good performance of the ever popular "Babes in Toyland," a full measure of fun and melody in "The Rollicking Girl," and for a change from musical comedy, the facile and debonair Henry Dixey in "The Man on the Box." The fact that Harold McGrath, the author of the book from which the play was taken, is an old Albany newspaper man, added significance to the performance. Proctor's continues on its vaudeville way, presenting good bills. WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

Atchison, Kan., Oct. 5.—On Sept. 2 Jane Corcoran and her excellent company opened the Atchison Theatre in "The Freedom of Suzanne," and was very well received. Since the opening the attractions have been of a very common order, with the exception of "Arizona," but the management has promised a good list of bookings, which is encouraging. The Empire, vaudeville theatre, will open at an early date. CHAS. SEIP, JR.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 10.—The Hancock Opera House began the season of 1906 with the "Dixie Minstrels," which drew a very appreciative audience. Among the good attractions booked for this house this season are: "The Rajah of Bhong," "Black Patti & Co.," Cole & Johnson in the "Shoofly Regiment," Tim Murphy in "Old Innocence." These have all been well received. On Sept. 18 a Juvenile Vaudeville was given at the Hancock Opera House. The star was Master Joe Griffith, who sang well, and impersonated Sis Hopkins to great advantage. Little Miss Littman did very well also.
R. H. SMITH.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 12.—"Little Jack Horner" at Ford's and "Man and His Angel" at the Academy were given a rather cool reception, considering the weather. However, "Dolly Dollars" was well received, and Dustin Farnum added to his popularity here in "The Virginian." Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper" scored a success at Ford's. At the Academy "Mizpah" and "The Clansman" were well received. Viola Allen is playing to capacity. Anna Held in "The Parisian Model" and Henry W. Savage's presentation of "Madame Butterfly" are booked at Ford's and May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson, That's All" and Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brue" at the Academy. "In New York Town" and other musical frivolities afforded amusement to large audiences at the Auditorium. The firm of Irwin & Luescher have leased the well-known Albaugh's Theatre for five years, and under the able management of the business manager, J. Albert Young, Hammerstein & Morris' first-class vaudeville attractions have scored a wonderful success, playing to capacity on every night since the opening.
HARRY A. JAECKSCH.

Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 4.—The Elks Theatre at Baton Rouge, which began the season about a month ago, bids fair to be the banner season in this city. Walter Fowler, who is the new manager of this playhouse, has made some extensive improvements and has a list of attractions booked, such as would do credit to a city with ten times the population. "His Highness the Bey" was the attraction for the night that sounded the opening of the season of 1906-1907, and was received by a large and appreciative audience. LIONEL L. MAYER.

Bay City, Mich., Oct. 9.—Among the first-class attractions that have appeared at Washington Theatre during the past month are Ernest Hogan in "Rufus Rastus," Harry Beresford in "The Woman Hater," S. Miller Kent in "Raffles," Jessie Busby in "In the Bishop's Carriage," Alberta Gallatin in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Rose Melville in "Sis Hopkins," and Richard Milton in "What Happened to Jones." All played to very good business. Byron Douglass with "In the Bishop's Carriage" is a favorite in Bay City, and was given an ovation. The stars that have played at the Alvarado are Harry Richards & Co., Madge P. Maitland, The Sully Family, Daisy Harcourt, Hacker-Lester Trio, Miles and Raymond, Marseilles, Eugene O'Rourke & Co., Sirronje and Sidney Grant. WILL J. MOZEALOUS.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 9.—The distinctive features of this month are Charles Klein's plays. His three successes are all here, and this week two at the same theatre. Warfield in "The Music Master" is crowding the Majestic; a second company continues at the Park in "The Lion and the Mouse," and after two weeks at the Colonial, his new play "Daughters of Men" enters on a series of special matinees at the Park. This deals with the struggle between capital and labor. It is a play of sharply contrasted types and vigorous speech, rather than of action, but makes a direct appeal and was enthusiastically received at its first night. Dorothy Donnelly as the daughter of a labor leader gives a fine performance. The leading rôles are taken by Effie Shannon and Orrin Johnson. Four interesting one-act plays were presented by Arnold Daly during his engagement at the Tremont, for the first time on any stage. They were a dramatization of Jacobs' "The Monkey's Paw," in which John Findlay achieved a triumph; "The Flag Station," by Kenyon, which offered Mr. Daly fine opportunities; Hamilton's "Father Coquesne," a dramatic incident of the Franco-Prussian war, and "The Lemonade Boy," by Gladys Unger. HETTIE GRAY BAKER.

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 9.—Good attractions are now in the majority, and business keeps up to the attractions. Sept. 17 Barney Bernard in "The Rollicking Girl" pleased as large an audience as did Sam himself last season. Sept. 18 "The Vanderbilt Cup" carried out the automobile part of it by balking just at the time it should go, because of the failure of Liebler & Co. to provide an understudy for Bob Daily, and the money was returned to a big audience. Sept. 24 May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson, That's All," amused a large gathering of her faithful followers. Sept. 27 "The Lion and the Mouse" "packed them in" from dome to doorway, many being refused admission. Oct. 1 "Mr. Hopkinson" deserved a far bigger house than it received. ROBERT M. SPERRY.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 7.—One of the first novelties of the dramatic season was Sousa's opera "The Free Lance" on Sept. 20; Joe Cawthorn, Nella Bergen and Jeannette Lowrie pleased the large audience greatly. Arthur Deagon in "Peggy from Paris," Sept. 25, drew a fair house. On Sept. 28 James O'Neill gave his perennial "Count of Monte Cristo" to a large audience; O'Neill received a warm welcome for his masterly acting as Edmond Dantes and the Count. On the 29th Edwin Arden and a most excellent company played "Told in the Hills"; the audience was large and appreciative and the acting unusually excellent. Mr. Arden, Miss Julia Dean and Miss Louise Galloway made a strong impression on local playgoers. L. H. MITCHELL.

Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 8.—The report which was published in the newspapers here to the effect that Jake Wells, of Richmond, Va., had leased the Academy at the expiration of Mr. S. A. Schloss's lease, seems to have been without foundation. Mr. Schloss signed a five-year contract with C. Gresham, the owner of the Academy, on Sept. 22. The attractions thus far have been very satisfactory to the local patrons. Al. G. Fields' Minstrels played to good business, matinee and night. "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," with Corinne, was well received. "The Sultan of Sulu," matinee and night, drew two large houses. "The Little Duchess," with Countess Olga von Hartzfeldt, was here for two performances; both being well received. GEO. L. VAN ECHOP.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 10.—While Lillian Russell failed to arouse more than amiable indulgence with Paul Potter's inadequate adaptation of "Barbara's Millions" from "Les Mesdames Bonheur," her successor at the Illinois, Kyrle Bellew is achieving something of a triumph in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard." The comedy is as brilliant a work as the stage has known in some seasons, while Bellew's creation of "Gerard" is locally acclaimed his masterpiece. Its subtlety, depth and fidelity to life are well-nigh marvelous. Wilton Lackaye at the Grand has not succeeded in winning so much general esteem in his own dramatization of Hugo's "Les Miserables," renamed "The Law and the Man." On the whole, it is a good melodrama, embodying, however, more of the vigorous modernity of Lackaye than the genius of Hugo. It has been an undertaking that is worthy at least of some favorable comment, and is a melodrama sure to prove edifying to lovers of this form of entertainment. The principal event of the month to local drama lovers was the opening on Oct. 8 of the New Theatre, the first so-called "subsidized" playhouse in America, given over wholly to the fostering of the best and highest in dramatic art. A fashionable but very conservative and unresponsive audience witnessed the first performance, made up of a triple bill, including "Sainara," by E. D'Hervilly; "Engaged," by W. S. Gilbert, and "Marse Covington," by George Ade. The performance was in no wise up to the standard of a well-drilled stock company, but such defects as were apparent will be overcome in time under the inspiration of more interesting play material. The playhouse itself is an artistic gem.
L. FRANCE PIERCE.

Clinton, Iowa, Oct. 1.—"Stranger in Town," "Parsifal," W. B. Patton in "The Slow Poke," "The Cowboy Girl," "As Told in the Hills," "A Poor Relation," and West Minstrels were presented during the informal season. Viola Gillette Opera Company in "The Girl and the Bandit" opened the season of 1906-1907. "The Volunteer Organist" is a play that will live long in the memory of those who saw it. L. HULETT.

Colorado Springs, Col., Oct. 9.—The Colorado Springs theatrical season for 1906-7 opened at the Opera House with the presentation of "The Freedom of Suzanne," by Jane Corcoran and an excellent supporting company; a good house present. This evening one of the best shows of the season will be seen at the Opera House, "Arizona," the play that Dustin Farnum made famous, and will be seen by all Western people at any time with a crowded house. "The Free Lance," the musical production, is with us on the 11th. "Peck's Bad Boy" is here, too, on Saturday the 11th, to entertain the good boys. HOMER B. SNYDER.

Columbus, O., Oct. 2.—"The Blue Moon," with Eddie Foy, made its second appearance in this country at the Shubert in a three-night stand beginning Sept. 24. Packed houses were the rule. Anna Eva Fay had good houses here for two weeks and "The Greater Love" did a good business. The Great Southern has been having a good line of attractions, including "Little Johnny Jones," Lillian Russell in "Barbara's Millions," Nat C. Goodwin in "The Genius" and Fay Davis in "The House of Mirth." R. R. SHAW.

Dallas, Tex., Oct. 10.—The season opened at the Opera House with "A Message from Mars," with David Proctor. This was followed by "His Highness the Bey," with Johnny Fogarty. At the Majestic, which opened Sept. 17, we have had an excellent all-star bill. Mr. Mackenfuss, the manager, has made scores of friends, and under his able direction the success of the Majestic is assured.
M. S. FIFE.

Decatur, Ill., Oct. 1.—On account of minor attractions "The Greater Love" did not have the house it deserved, being the dramatic hit of the season. "As Told in the Hills," a Western play, was well received. Edward Arden as Genesee Jack has a part fitted to his style. He is supported by an excellent company. "The Cow Puncher" had a good house. This play is something like "The Virginian." "The Eye Witness," a Lincoln J. Carter play, is noted for its scenic effects. Al. H. Wilson, matinee and night, drew his usual house.
R. E. BURKE.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 8.—Des Moines is starting out this season with a good list of attractions. The opening of a new theatre here—The Shubert—(Oct. 3) has enlivened competition and many good plays are being booked. Foster's Opera House played "Fantasma" Sept. 19, then followed with "The Free Lance" on the 21st. The 22d "Peggy from Paris" played to a fair-sized audience, and the 24th Jas. O'Neil in "Monte Cristo" packed the house. Edwin Arden appeared in "Told in the Hills" and pleased a very large audience. The new Shubert opened Oct. 3 with Leo Dietrichstein playing in "Before and After." The theatre was given a good housewarming and many theatregoers turned away. H. P. W.

Duluth, Minn., Oct. 6.—The past month has been a busy one in theatricals. Hans Roberts in "Checkers" packed the Lyceum for two performances and was well received. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" pleased fair-sized houses as did "Our New Minister." Edwin Arden in "Told in the Hills" drew well and proved one of the best plays of the month. Louis James, supported by Nellie McHenry and Norman Hackett in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" brought forth a fashionable audience and succeeded in pleasing with this Shakespeare comedy. Robert Loraine in Shaw's much discussed comedy "Man and Superman," played to S. R. O. Two women were seen to leave the theatre during the performance, but the rest stayed and enjoyed it. E. F. FURRER.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 3.—The Washington Park Stock Company closed a successful summer engagement here on Sept. 29. "Sherlock Holmes," "Camille," "The Christian," "Davy Crockett," etc., were played to good attendance. The Frank Rich Stock Company closed their summer season at the "Airdome" on Sept. 29, and have gone on a tour of the southwest. The Frank Leake Stock Company presented "The Charity Ball" as an opening bill at the "Franklin" on Sept. 30, to a crowded house. This is an exceptionally strong stock company, and they were well received. "The Charity Ball" continues through the week. GUY THOMPSON.

Erie, Pa., Oct. 9.—The season is at its height here, and never before were we given such high-class attractions as this season. At the Park Opera House, under the management of Jno. L. Gilson, we have had "Primrose's Minstrels, "Queen of the Arena," "A Bunch of Keys," "A Jolly American Tramp," Harry Beresford in "The Woman Hater," "Alberta Gallatin in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Howe's Moving Pictures, "Under the Northern Star," John E. Henshaw in "Capt. Careless," "Texas," "Piff, Paff, Pouf," "Busy Izzy's Vacation," Ethel Barrymore in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "The Gingerbread Man," "The Girl from Happyland," "Babes in Toyland." D. S. HANLEY.

Evansville, Ind., Oct. 10.—The opening of the new Wells Bijou was the principal item of interest the last month. This theatre, of the Wells circuit of twenty-two theatres, is the finest in the city, and only first-class attractions will be booked. "The Ham Tree" was the opening attraction. The Grand has engaged the Wayne Stock for the entire season and canceled all other bookings. The Bijou continues to offer the acme of vaudeville acts. Vaudeville also holds sway at the People's, with the exception of Sundays on which dates appeared the usual melodramas. ROBERT L. ODELL.

Goshen, Ind , Oct. 11.—Maude Fealy in "The Illusion of Beatrice," and Lew Dockstader's Minstrels have been the most important attractions seen at the Jefferson thus far this season. Miss Fealy showed she has a delightful personality, and in addition to being a comedienne of undisputed rank can act sympathetic rôles effectively. Dockstader came forth with the best minstrel performance ever given in Goshen. Neil O'Brien, Manuel Romain and Reese V. Prosser were favorites. "The Show Girl" came with Hilda Thomas and Lou Hall featured, the latter scoring well. W. A. Whitecar played the John Drew rôle in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" and Florence Gear came in "The Marriage of Kitty."
W. V. FINK.

Hartford, Conn., Oct. 10.—At Parson's Theatre the following attractions have appeared during the past month: "It Happened in Nordland," "The Rollicking Girl," Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian," Klein's new play "The Daughters of Men," Otis Skinner in "The Duel," Paula Edwards in "The Princess Beggar," Kyrle Bellew in "Brigadier Gerard" (its first performance). The Hartford Opera House has had some splendid attractions, among which were "A Race for Life," "A Square Deal," Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box," "Montana," "Veronique," Cyril Scott in "Prince Chap" and "The Social Whirl." Poli's has been packed twice a day.
WOODWARD BARRETT.

Hazelton, Pa., Oct. 8.—The season is now in full swing, and from all indications it will be a very successful one. Sept. 7 brought forth "The Girl from Happyland," followed by "At the Old Cross Roads." "The Busy Boy" on Sept. 13. Porter J. White presented "The Proud Prince," which was well received by a large and appreciative audience. After this came "Deserted at the Altar." The musical farce "Lovers and Lunatics," with Joe Morris as Ikey Rosenstein, was very good. Mildred Holland, who has always been a great favorite here, presented for the first time two performances of "A Paradise of Lies." W. H. GREEN.

Holyoke, Mass., Oct. 9.—The best attraction of the past month was Henry W. Savage's "Student King," with which we were favored Sept. 29. This new "romantic light opera" is gay with bright lines and rollicking music, with the real college swing to it. The work of the principals—Mme. Lina Abarbanell, Flavia Arcaro, Alice Judson, William Weedon and Alexander Clark—was excellent, and they were supported by an unusually large and effective chorus. The production was magnificently staged. Maxine Elliot presented "Her Great Match" to a large and fashionable audience, and Henry Jewett in "The Squaw Man" was well received.
A. E. MORIARTY.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 10.—At the English Opera House, William Faversham, supported by Julie Opp, played "The Squaw Man" on the 4th, 5th and 6th, and had very large and appreciative audiences. The musical comedy "Coming thro' the Rye" was here on the 7th and 8th, and Elfie Fay received several curtain calls. "The Wizard of Oz" played here fair week, and standing room at most of the performances was the rule. George M. Cohan's musical comedy entitled "Little Johnny Jones," played for two nights, on the 17th and 18th, and the attendance was good. On the 19th "The Mayor of Tokio" was seen with only a fair house. Miss Maud Fealy in "The Illusion of Beatrice" was here on the 24th and 25th, and Fay Davis in "The House of Mirth" came on the 27th, both drawing poor houses.
GUSTAVUS A. FISCHER.

Jackson, Mich., Oct. 8.—The Atheneum, H. J. Porter, manager, has offered its patrons some good attractions the past month. "The Greater Love" was presented on the 11th, with Aubrey Boucicault as Mozart, to a good house and pleased audience. "The Marriage of Kitty" was well received on the 14th. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" played to a fair house on the 17th. S. Miller Kent as "Raffles, in the Amateur Cracksman," was well received by a pleased audience. "A Show Girl" on the 25th to a fair business, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," with Alberta Gallatin, played to a fair house. The old Hibbard opera house is being rebuilt, and is to be used when completed as a vaudeville house. W. W. REID.

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 10.—To a packed house "His Highness the Bey" opened The Century Theatre for the season, followed by Tim Murphy and Dorothy Sherrod in "Old Innocence," Neil Burgess in "The County Fair," York and Adams in "Bankers and Brokers," "Foxy Grandpa," Mary Marble and Little Chip in "Wonderland," Jane Kennark in "The Toast of the Town." We seldom see a performance as well put on as "Coming thro' the Rye," in which Stella Mayhew appears in the leading part. C. R. YOUNG.

Joliet, Ill., Oct. 1.—A recent attraction at the Joliet Theatre was "The Mayor of Tokio," which was given a hearty welcome. On Sept. 24 we saw "Under Southern Skies," and Sept. 24 "York State Folks," both well given and received. Sept. 27, Robertson's Moving Pictures. Sept. 30, "Hans and Nix" pleased a Sunday house. Oct. 1, 2 and 3 "Egypta" was given by home talent with a cast of 600. Oct. 7 "The Shoplifter," Oct. 8 "The Arrival of Kitty." Oct. 15 "Raffles."
A. J. STEVENS.

Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 10.—The theatrical season is proceeding very slowly in Lawrence, and as yet few good plays have appeared. Grace Merritt in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" played well, but had a poor house. Last week Nance O'Neil made a complete failure of the comedy "School for Scandal" before a large audience, who were greatly disappointed in her. A repertoire com-

pany and several second-rate plays were the other attractions during the month, and these were all fairly well attended. Vaudeville, at the Colonial, is being well patronized, and because of the association of the theatre with the Keith circuit there are some very good bills being presented. JOHN MULHOLLAND.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 8.—Manager Scott's attractions during the fall meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, Oct. 9-13, while not numerous, were pleasing, and were afforded excellent patronage. On the 1st and 2d, Pete Baker in "A Race for a Widow" played to crowded houses. On the 5th and 6th Stephens and Linton's comedy "My Wife's Family," played three performances to capacity. The advance sale for Miss Ethel Barrymore in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" for the 11th assures standing room only. J. F. A.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 7.—The season is well started here now. The Bijou's best offering of the new season was York and Adams' in "Bankers and Brokers." "In Old Kentucky" enjoyed packed houses nightly the week of Oct. 1. The Lyceum with "A County Fair," Fields' Minstrels and "Coming thro' the Rye" has started off the season with good business. At the Grand Manager Morrison seems to try to outdo all former efforts in booking vaudeville. EDW. F. GOLDSMITH.

Middletown, Conn., Oct. 10.—Manager Engel of the Middlesex has given his patrons much satisfaction, with the best of attractions, during the past month. On the 20th "The Rollicking Girl" was presented to a large and appreciative audience. "The Squaw Man" on the 24th gave good satisfaction. On the 24th "The College Widow" met with a very enthusiastic welcome. C. H. HALSEY.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 7.—The season is now on with full swing and the attractions during the past month have been good. There was "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Davidson, which was received with open arms, as was their previous engagement of last season. "The Greater Love" at the Shubert was a treat, as it gives the audiences a chance to see the betterment of the stage. "The Volunteer Organist" paid us a visit again this season, and as of old this piece was well liked, also "Sis Hopkins," there being many changes in the play, bringing it more up-to-date. "Gay New York," "The Umpire" and "The Love Route" were three good plays, and all that attended were much pleased, considering the sizes of the audiences. O. W. HEAFFORD.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 6.—At the Metropolitan the bookings have been surprisingly good, as a result business has been satisfactory to practically every attraction. The Bijou reaches its clientele in a way that pays for the theatre and the attraction. The Orpheum runs on smoothly without much ado, an assured success. The bills there vary, but in the main, the audience gets full value for its money. The sore spot in the town's theatricals is the Lyceum, where such a high-class company as "Frawley's" does not receive the patronage it is entitled to. The theatre has housed two companies who pandered to the cheaper classes, so that Daniel Frawley has an uphill fight to make the venture a paying proposition. JACOB WILK.

Natchez, Miss., Oct. 10.—The season opened here on Sept. 6, with the musical comedy "His Highness the Bey." Being opening night, the show was presented to a capacity house, and all seemed to be very well pleased with the production. Of a fairly good company, Johnny Fogarty, Mable McCane and Ethel Dovey deserve special "honorable mention." On the 11th Tim Murphy and Dorothy Sherrod delighted a large audience in "Old Innocence," a former success of the popular comedian. "Foxy Grandpa," the cartoon musical comedy, was presented by a very poor company on the 26th, and a fairly good house was disappointed. CHAS P. WEST.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 3.—We are in full blast. All theatres have opened their doors, with the exception of the French Opera, which will begin a season of grand opera, in French and Italian, on November 20. The Tulane has given us, to now, good plays. Tim Murphy in "Old Innocence," repeated his former successes. "Coming thro' the Rye" followed, and a genuine musical comedy it was. "The Clansman" is packing the house. Next week we are to have that delightful comedy, "Twenty Minutes from Broadway." It is the first time that it comes to this city, and, from reports, it is a "corker." The Crescent has been having its following. Big houses for every show that has appeared there to now. York and Adams in "Bankers and Brokers" had a good show. This week we are having a trip of comedians, "Tom, Dick and Harry." The stock companies are doing their share of the business. The Baldwin-Melville, now playing at the Elysium, can not accommodate the large crowds that apply for admission. GUS A. LLAMBIAS.

Oakland, Cal, Oct. 1.—Among some of the attractions that have played here during the past month, are: Constance Crouley in "Everyman," "Hedda Gabler," and "La Giaconda," at the Liberty. Katherine Gray in "The Little Minister," and Isabelle Fletcher in "Peaceful Valley." The Elleford Stock Co. will end a long engagement at the McDonough, Oct. 14. The regular theatrical season will open on that date, "Checkers" heading the bill. "Robin Hood," with Eugene Wiener in the title rôle, is the cause of the Idora Park Theatre turning away a crowd almost every night. It is rumored that a new theatre will be built on San Pablo avenue. GEO. A. HUGHES.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Oct. 6.—The season was inaugurated in this city September 15 by the appearance of the "Cole & Johnson Minstrels," followed on Sept. 17 by the "Country Editor." On Sept. 18 was presented "A Message from Mars" by a very strong company of players, which was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. Sept. 21 the "Dixie Minstrels" showed. On Sept. 23 "Human Hearts" was the night's amusement, which was cheerfully received. Then came "Josh Perkins" the following day. A. D. ENGELSMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 8.—The William Penn Theatre is in course of erection in West Philadelphia. Work has been started on the Edwin Forrest, at Broad and Sansom streets, and the Adelphi on Broad street just above the Lyric. The two latter named houses are to be ready next season and to offer only first-class attractions. The opening of these new houses is likely to be attended by radical changes. One house may be abandoned by first-class attractions and another may undergo a change of policy. In the meantime Klaw & Erlanger have leased the Chestnut from January for the purpose of trying out some ten plays and musical productions; each of these will be acted for two weeks. The handsome new playhouse built by the German-Americans of Philadelphia opened Sept. 15 as a temple for drama and music, with a well-rendered dramatic performance. "The Measure of Man," by Cora Maynard, won substantial and unstinted approval at the Garrick in its first Metropolitan appearance, the performance being remarkably smooth and consistent. One of the best cast of actors obtainable added force and finish to this performance. The Lyric was closed for nearly a week owing to Arnold Daly refusing to fill his engagement unless $2 was charged for the best seats, which the Shuberts refused to do. The Lyric was re-opened with Miss Lipman's comedy, "Julie Bon Bon," Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in the leading rôle and were well liked. R. H. RUSSELL.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 10.—We have had a dearth of frivolity but are promised better things for the current month at all the local houses. At the Nixon George M. Cohan in "George Washington, Jr.," proved amusing, if nothing else. Henrietta Crosman in "Peggy" followed here and was well received. Ethel Barrymore, too, won quick recognition in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire"; Barries' subtle effects appealed strongly to the Nixon clientele. Thomas W. Ross, "our Tommy," whose friends are legion in Pittsburg, scored in "Popularity," but no credit is due the author. Frankly, Mr. Cohan's play was voted twaddle, and such splendid players as Florence Rockwell, Frederic De Belleville, John Jack and Edgar Selwyn, as well as Mr. Ross himself, deserve a worthier vehicle. Joe Weber and the coy Miss Dressler are "turning them away" at the Nixon. Their burlesque on "The Girl of the Golden West," which play had its première here last season, was keenly enjoyed. Mr. Kirk's list of attractions for the Nixon promises a brilliant season for that house. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portland, Me., Oct. 5.—We are getting our share of good plays this season. During the week of October 1 Wright Lorimer was seen in the "Shepherd King." Mr. Lorimer also played in Ibsen's play "The Wild Duck." The rural and nautical drama, "Cape Cod Folks," was seen the week of October 8. This proved a great drawing card. The Portland Theatre has done a large business. Cressy and Dayne, who are vaudeville favorites in Portland, were seen here for the last time, as they are under contract with the Shuberts for the coming season. B. P. PERKINS.

Portland, Ore, Oct. 2.—The season opened at the Heilig with William Collier in "On the Quiet," and it proved a fine attraction for an opening bill, as the house was packed at every performance. The next attraction was the Stewart Opera Company in "The Two Roses," "Babette" and "Dorothy." They pleased moderately and drew fair crowds during the week. Richard's and Pringle's Minstrels failed utterly to satisfy the popular idea of what a minstrel show should be. "The Royal Chef" is drawing fair audiences at the present time, but enthusiasm is at a premium. The Baker Stock Company opened in "Because She Loved Him So," followed by "Two Little Vagrants" and "The Wilderness," and the house has been packed every night. This week they are giving a really good performance of "A Texas Steer." GEORGE ELDRIDGE HIGGINS.

Portsmouth, O., Oct. 10.—Manager Higley, of the Grand, has his house running in good shape and is giving the patrons some of the best attractions on the road. "The White Caps," Sept. 8, was a fair melodrama and business poor. The Murray Comedy Co. filled the week of Sept. 17. "The Village Parson," Sept. 24, pleased. "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," Sept. 29, for two performances, matinee and night, good show and fine business. "The Warning Bell," Oct. 2, poor show and no business. The best show we have had thus far this season was Eva Tanguay in "A Good Fellow," Oct. 4. I va made a hit with the large audience present. "A Stranger in Town," Oct. 5, only fair and poor business. "Simple Simon Simple" was the attraction Oct. 6, for matinee and night, pleasing show and good business. The Orpheum Theatre is doing a great business this season, under the management of James F. Banin. ROY MCELHANEY.

Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 9.—Theatregoers have had an abundance of amusements the past month. Among the many attractions seen at the Academy of Music were "The Proud Prince," "We Are King," "The Girl from Happyland," Primrose's Minstrels, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," "The Girl Patsy," "The Black Crook," "For Her Honor," Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and The Myrkle-Harder Stock Co., in a repertoire of popular plays. All the attractions drew large audiences and were well received. Many excellent plays are booked for the season, which promises to be a most successful one. The Family Theatre opened its doors with high-class continuous vaudeville on Sept. 10, and is delighting large audiences. SYLVAIN R. LIVINGSTONE.

Pueblo, Col., Oct. 1.—Though the season at the Grand Opera House in this city opened on Sept. 9, and the house has been lighted up several times since then, but two attractions are worthy of mention. The better of these was the appearance of Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" on Sept. 24. Mr. Bell has many admirers in Pueblo and was greeted by a good house. He opened this theatre some years ago while he was playing a part in "Patience." The other attraction was Jane Corcoran in "The Freedom of Suzanne." She did not have a large house and her audience was of the opinion that she was capable of much better things. The bookings for October at this house include some very good things. The Earl, the local vaudeville house, is having a splendid business and putting on a very good show. SWEENEY.

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 2.—The Grand Opera House, newly decorated and furnished, has opened what promises to be a successful season. The opening performance was on Sept. 17, when Mr. Savage presented "The College Widow" to a crowded house. Richard Carle, in "The Mayor of Tokio," was presented to a good house on Sept. 24, but the popular Richard did not appear, and J. E. Kearney, who took his part, was well received. "The Lion and the Mouse," which appeared on the 26th, drew a very large crowd, and Miss Lovett, in the leading rôle, took the audience by storm. Other attractions are: "Coming thro' the Rye," "Under Southern Skies," and James O'Neill in the "Count of Monte Cristo." DWIGHT MANNY.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 8.—The Salt Lake Theatre was formally opened for the theatrical season on Sept. 20 by the Salt Lake Opera Company in a splendid presentation of "The Wedding Day," which played to crowded houses in six entertainments. Willie Collier, a great favorite here, pleased Salt Lake audiences for three nights commencing Sept. 24 with "On the Quiet." Jane Corcoran in "The Freedom of Suzanne" on the 27th did not prove to be a strong drawing card, though "The Education of Mr. Pipp," with Digby Bell playing the title rôle, brought out large and appreciative audiences Sept. 28-29. The Stewart Opera Company played to only fair business the past week, Oct. 1-6. At the Orpheum the box receipts go to show that vaudeville is a great success in Salt Lake City. JOHN H. ROE, JR.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 10.—Sam Bernard in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" played at the Lyceum to capacity on Sept. 24. "Carolina" was seen the next day to a very small audience. On Sept. 28, Spencer's new opera "Rosalie," with Cora Tracey in the title rôle, pleased a small but appreciative audience. Robert Edeson in "Strongheart" played two performances to S. R. O. This is the third visit Mr. Edeson has made to this city in that character. On Oct. 1, "Captain Careless" was seen with an inferior company and played to a very light house. H. GOODMAN.

Sioux City, Ia., Oct. 5.—The plan for the Lyric Theatre, which was formally opened Oct. 1, has been changed. Instead of being exclusively a vaudeville house, a stock company has been installed and the vaudeville entertainers are to furnish amusement for the interludes in the dramatic performances. At the New Grand Theatre, the season is not as yet of vigorous interest. Chauncey Olcott, who played here one night in the week of the Inter-State Fair, attracted and pleased a packed house in "Eileen Asthore." Edwin Arden in "Told in the Hills" was greeted by a smaller audience. H. F. INGERSOLL.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 9.—Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box" was the real sensation at the Nelson this month, and played to a capacity house. Clara Lipman and Louis Mann in "Julie Bon Bon" also played at this house and were cordially received. "Veronique" played three nights, giving only a fair performance to fair business. Peter Daley in "The Press Agent" entertained good audiences at two performances. At Court Square we have had "The Rollicking Girl," Paula Edwards in "The Princess Beggar," May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson—That's All," and Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brue," for the lighter side, and Otis Skinner in "The Duel" made a distinct hit with lovers of real drama. H. W. ATWOOD.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 8.—Alan Doone in "Kerry Gow" played at the Opera House Sept. 10 and attracted a large audience. W. A. Brady offered Robert Mantell in "Shakespeare," and in a special performance of "Richelieu." Mr. Mantell played five nights to crowded houses, and concluded his engagement by playing "Macbeth." At the New York Theatre the "Pollard Lilliputian Opera Co." appeared on Sept. 17. The play "Human Hearts" was well received at the Opera House, Sept. 28. JAMES P. LUNNEY.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 9.—Louis James in "Merry Wives of Windsor" did a good business the early part of the month of September. He was followed by Clay Clement in his new play, "Sam Houston," which drew well. "Man and Superman," "The Umpire," "The College Widow," "The Lion and the Mouse," and James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," have all been well attended at the Metropolitan. The Grand has done its usual business. The Orpheum Theatre is billed to open Oct. 20. HOWARD ALTON TREAT.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 10.—We have plenty of chances to see some excellent productions thus far this season, and all of the theatres have been doing a highly satisfactory business. We have had the pleasure of seeing such productions as that of Otis Skinner and company in "The Duel," which was received with distinct favor. Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak" in her first appearance here, made more than a favorable impression. Maude Adams played to a capacity business for four performances in "Peter Pan." "The Squaw Man" also received a generous welcome, with Henry Jewett in the title rôle. Richard Harding Davis' play "The Galloper," with Raymond Hitchcock in the leading rôle, also drew a capacity house. The play is a decided laugh-producer. Ethel Barrymore played to a large and fashionable audience in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." E. C. HEISE.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 5.—The fall season was auspiciously inaugurated at the Tacoma Theatre on Sept. 9 by the appearance of William Collier in the delightful comedy, "On the Quiet." The performance was greeted by a capacity house composed of Tacoma society and a large number of officers from Camp Tacoma, who added dignity to the assembly. After no little difficulty the "Royal Chef" was secured for two nights, Sept. 19 and 20, and served a spicy and tempting menu to two large and appreciative audiences. F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Toledo, O., Oct. 10.—There was a strong local interest manifested when Henry Woodruff produced "Brown of Harvard." The Arcade has been converted into an "Independent" playhouse to the exclusion of vaudeville, which heretofore held the stage. Leo Dietrichstein, author and comedian, followed Mr. Woodruff, delighting large audiences with his presentation of a farce comedy, entitled "Before and After." Virginia Harned, supported by a cast of unusual ability, was seen in "The Love Letter," Sardou's play. The Valentine opened its season with an excellent bill, Valerie Bergere being featured as a headliner in her latest success, "His Japanese Wife." R. C. WEST.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 7.—The remodeled Grand opened the season early in August and excellent business has prevailed ever since its opening. The early attractions have been fair. James O'Neil was the banner attraction and was well received. "The Land of Nod" did a good business. Since the destruction of the Crawford Theatre by fire in the past ten days we have to depend on the Grand for our dramatic productions entirely. The Lyric, a new vaudeville theatre under the management of F. C. Campbell, is giving the public some good burlesque attractions and is doing a good business. The Novelty is still under the management of Al. H. Hagan, but will change hands on the 15th of this month, going into the hands of the Jackson Amusement Co. LOUIS H. FRIEDMAN.

Vicksburg, Miss., Oct. 5.—Our Walnut Street Theatre opened its October attractions most auspiciously with "Coming thro' the Rye," which played to a good house and was well received. Last night "Wonderland" was played to a packed house and Saturday night Jane Kenard presents "A Toast of the Town." Following in order comes Florence Davis in "The Two Orphans," "Mistakes Will Happen" and the old Southern favorite Al G. Field, who always plays here to the S. R. O. sign. Murray & Mack, the fun makers, are next, followed by the Violette Opera Co. The "Sultan of Sulu," which gave such good satisfaction, is booked for the 25th, which is followed by the "Millionaire Tramp" and Jefferson Bros., our October attractions closing with the famous Blanche Walsh in her latest play. HENRY N. LEVY.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10.—"The Girl and the Governor," Julian Edwards' new medieval comic opera, was produced for the first time on any stage at the National, Oct. 8, with Jefferson de Angelis and Estelle Wentworth in the title rôles. The plot, which is conventional in the extreme, turns upon the efforts made by Don Pascal de Mesquita (De Angelis), Governor of La Guayra, a Spanish settlement in South America, to coerce Ruth Granville, an English girl (Estelle Wentworth) into marriage. In order to evade this distasteful alliance, she assumes the character of a shrew, and makes life miserable for every one about the court. There are twenty-four very tuneful musical numbers, and the piece scored a decided success. KENNETH P. CLARKE.

Winnipeg, Can., Oct. 4.—Owing to a sympathetic strike among the labor unions, Manager Walker will have to abandon the opening of his new theatre to an uncertain date. He hopes, however, to be open before Xmas. Meanwhile the "Auditorium" continues to be well patronized. The dramatic version of "Parsifal" played to fair business for two performances. The "World" and "The Sign of the Cross" both did fair business here. The ever funny "Devil's Auction" played to capacity for two nights. A great treat was given to lovers of Shakespeare in Louis James' presentation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Norman Hackett in the leading rôle. EDWARD MACGACHEN.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 10.—Better performances have never been given in this city than during this month. At the Franklin Square we have had "The Squaw Man," "Are You a Mason?" May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson," Otis Skinner in "The Duel," Maxine Elliot in "Her Great Match," Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brue," Blanche Ring in "Dolly Dollars," Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King." At the Worcester "Veronique," with Louise Gunning and Louis Harrison, Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "Julie Bonbon," Peter F. Daley in "The Press Agent," Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap." The great musical event of the year was the 49th Annual Musical Festival held in Mechanics Hall, Mlle. Parkina bore off the honors. There were many soloists, a chorus of 350 and Boston Symphony Orchestra. There were seven concerts, all to full houses. F. N. DRURY.

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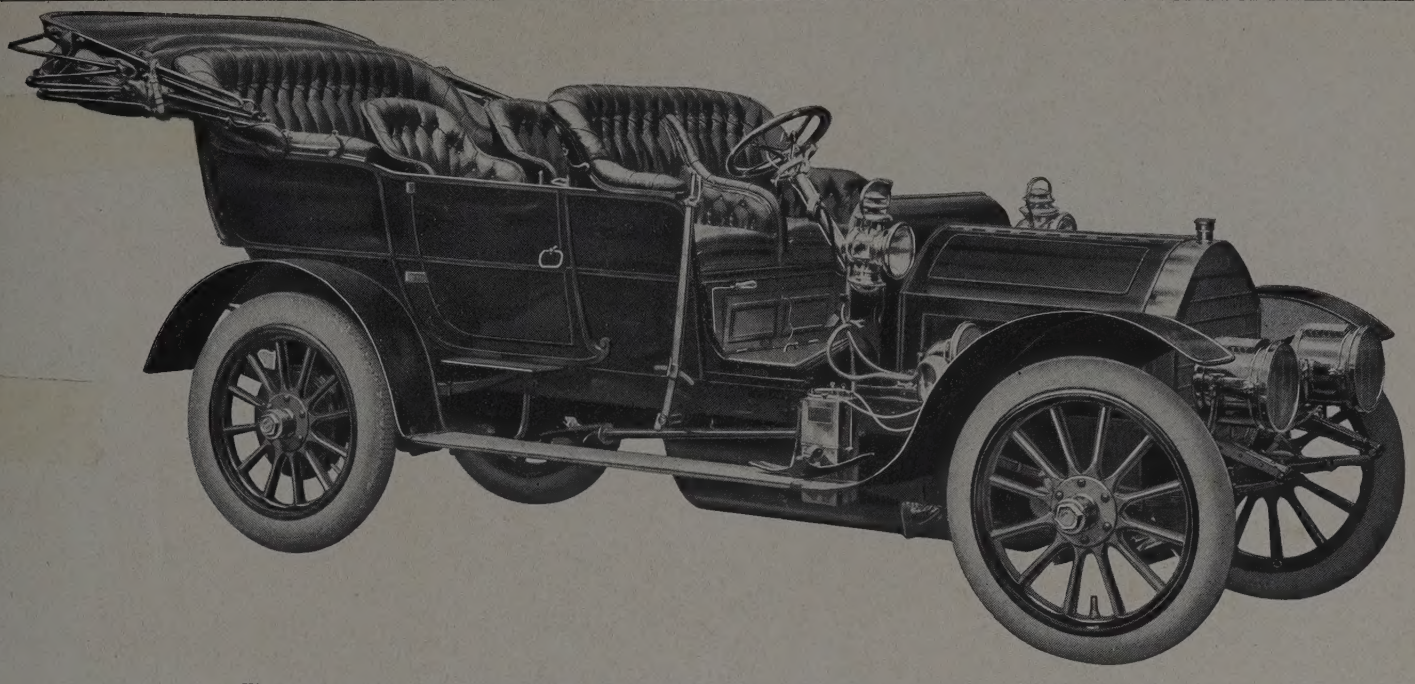

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Bush & Shields.....953 South Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.
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Tom Botterill.....1643 California St., Denver, Colo.
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The Zorn-Strauss Co.....518 Third Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Western Auto Co.....4701 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
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Central Auto Station Co.....92 Renne Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.
E. R. Clark Auto Co.....117 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Miner Garage Co.....High and Allyn Sts., Hartford, Conn.
Wilson & Co.....117 Craid St., West, Montreal, Canada.
Wilson & Co.....142 Bank St., Ottawa, Canada
Automobile & Supply Co., Ltd.....24 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.
Hibbard Auto Co.....187 Wisconsin St., Milwaukee, Wis.
U. S. Auto Co.....21 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
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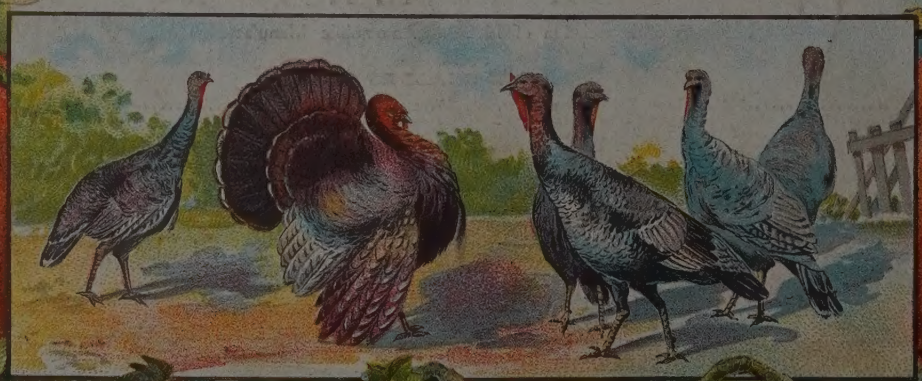
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